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Poetry.

For the Blade.

BY AND BY.

BY MAY E. SNOW.

The wind blows cold across the wold,
Whence the shivering sheep have sought the fold;
The snow lies deep where the daisies sleep,
From their icy robes they never peep;
Their leaves are dead, their fragrance fled,
And the white flakes sift o'er each lowly bed;
But they whisper low, in their house of snow,
"When Summer comes the frost will go."

The ice king's hand fell o'er the land,
He bound the brook with an iron band;
He hushed the trill of the sparkling rill;
Where'er he passed the waves grew still.
He wove cold chains of the Autumn rains,
And the songsters fled from groves and lanes,
But when comes the May, with flow'rets gay,
They will dance and sing the livelong day.

When darkly roll, like a midnight scroll,
Sorrow's shadows across the soul,
With heart-dimmed eyes beyond the skies,
We may read God's promises in Paradise,
When the chilling blast of Winter is past,
And skies grow blue, that are overcast,
In eternal June, the roses will bloom,
No more to be dressed the tomb.

For the Blade.

NOBODY CARES.

BY LOUISE HOUGHTON.

If you play with toys,
Nobody cares;
You can lose all joys,
Nobody cares.
You may give your days to sorrow,
Dread the coming of the morrow;
Nobody cares.

Fill the hours with bitter weeping,
Weary visits, lonely keeping
Thro' long, long years,
With many tears,
The vainly sighing,
And always dying,
Nobody cares.

Warsaw, N. Y.

Our Story Teller.

MY FIRST SITTER.

I had emerged from the Slade school after several years of art study, which chiefly consisted of drawing and painting the male human form—very conceivable models, Italian models had grown positively loathsome to me. I was tired of their dark brown skins, black hair and eyes. I knew their bones and muscles by heart. A fine skeleton stood in my small studio at home. I had drawn it in pen and ink over and over again. Even in my dreams I used to pursue the Fiddlers of bones and muscles, and when I talked to friends I would mentally strip them of their flesh and see their skeletons—such was the result of *tonjours perdrix* or *tonjours* anatomy! The monotony of my studies extinguished my ardor for an art which seemed made up of men and muscles.

So one day I made up my mind to go and worship at the shrine of the old masters in the National gallery, to see if these high priests could inspire and rekindle in me the sacred fire that was dying out. I wandered through that temple of art, filled with awe and wonder at the magnificent works that surrounded me. Yes; I would try to copy one of these *chefs d'œuvre*, whichever of them just then most struck my fancy. I found it difficult to decide. At last I fixed on the portrait of Andrea del Sarto painted by himself; the melancholy handsome face with the sad eyes fascinated me: of all this splendid collection it was the portrait which attracted me most. I recalled Browning's lines:

"I often am much wearier than you think,
This evening more than usual,
I painting from myself and to myself,
Know what I do, am unmoved by men's blame
Or their praise either."

I took the measure of the canvas, and that day work (for the National gallery is only open to copyists twice a week, Thursdays and Fridays) set to work with a fine determination to render full justice to the splendid original. While drawing it in I thought over his sad domestic life; his worship of a wife so utterly unworthy of him every way, one who through her love of money ended by bringing disgrace on his name. No wonder his eyes should be so sad and his beautiful mouth tremulous with repressed feelings.

I began to paint. Now came the tug of war. The eyes I produced were like two blazing little black beads. The nostrils, instead of expressing sensitiveness, seemed to me though they inhaled a smell which not even the perfumes of Arabia could sweeten. I was inwardly execrating the difficulties I had brought on myself when I became conscious of a presence behind me. I was too engrossed in my work to take particular notice, but the presence drew nearer, and through the corners of my eyes I saw a clumsy pair of muddy boots evidently belonging to the masculine gender. The wearer of the boots coughed; it was not a big cough, but a series of little husky sounds that irritated me. I longed for him to choke and expire on the spot. If he were to remain much longer I felt I must certainly inflict some stains of paint on his person.

"Admirable, beautiful!" exclaimed a voice with a Scotch intonation.

I turned round, my face flushing. Was this individual making fun of my efforts, or was he in earnest? If the latter, then he must in art matters be an ignoramus.

I beheld a short, elderly man with a red, jovial countenance, a large vermilion nose with a couple of buls of noses springing from the main stem, looking as if later on they might develop into other fullgrown noses; his small, blue eyes twinkled pleasantly; his whiskers were gray, long and bushy, the old Pincadilly weeper. He was attired in a tweed, heather-colored suit, and looked like a Scotch tourist out on a holiday.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," he said, taking off his hat and displaying a bald head with a fringe of gray hair that stood erect, "but I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of your clever work. Already I like it better than the original; it is not so dark, and it is smoother. You are a gifted lassie. Now, would you mind undertaking a portrait? I am rather desirous to have my old phiz painted for my only relation, a sister, who lives in America."

I was so taken back by the suddenness of this request that I could scarcely answer. I had never before received a commission.

"I have never painted a portrait," I muttered, leaning on my mahl stick, palette and brushes in hand; "but I have been studying art for several years."

"Well, will you make a beginning with me?" Saying this he planted himself well in front of me, so that I had a thorough good view of him. There could not be a more striking contrast to the beautiful, refined, melancholy Andrea del Sarto than that presented by this elderly, highly colored old Scot—his heather trousers bagged at the knees, a thick gold chain reposed on his well-developed gastronomic region.

"What sized portrait would you like? Head and shoulders, or one with the hands included?"

"Down as far as the knees," he answered, stroking his trousers. "While I am about it I may as well go in for a big picture. Now, business is business; may I ask what your terms are for a portrait? I wish I was younger and later looking, but that is no fault of mine." He said this with a genial smile that improved his plain countenance.

"My terms for a portrait! Allow me to consider."

"Yes, take your time. I have been looking around the gallery and I really don't much like the old masters; they are so dark. Now, just look at this old woman by Rembrandt; I am sure you paint better than that. Your work is nice and smooth and shiny; this is thick and dull."

"I paint better than Rembrandt!"

"Yes; I consider him a duffer."

"But he is one of the very greatest of painters. I admire him immensely, and only wish I could ever produce anything that might remind me of his work. He is the greatest master of chiaroscuro!"

"What does that mean? But no matter. I don't admire him, and if you wish to please me, don't paint my portrait with lumps of paint. Now," turning round and looking at me steadily, "you have no lumps in your face; you are quite smooth."

"And not shiny, I hope!" I said this smiling merrily, for I saw it was no use arguing art questions with this jovial Philistine.

"My picture must be smooth, shiny, with a clean white shirt, and all my ornaments neatly painted; my coral studs, and," taking off a bright yellow kid glove, "this ring; it is a carbuncle with associations, and I want it painted—in fact, represent me just as I am, so that all my friends may know me."

I felt this picture would give me trouble and never could enhance my artistic reputation. But I was an orphan with small means, and this Scotchman looked prosperous.

"If you wish the hands included it will be sixty guineas." I said this with aplomb while feeling like a tradesman.

"Very well, I am willing to give this sum for a good likeness. When shall I come to sit? The sooner the better; I am a bird of passage and am in London only for a short time." He fumbled in his pocket and handed me his card

MR. DOUGLAS CAMERON,
The Burn, Dumfries.

"I am a farmer with a good deal of land north of the Tweed. Now may I ask your name and address?"

As I had no card with me I wrote in his pocketbook:

MISS WARD,
24 Thistle Grove,
South Kensington, S. W.

"Can you come to-morrow at eleven?"

"All right, in my Sunday best." Saying this we shook hands and he waddled briskly out of the room.

I looked sadly at Andrea del Sarto's portrait, and it seemed to sympathize with me. I put up my easel and canvas. My eyes and brain were so filled with the image of Mr. Cameron that his red nose haunted me.

I lived with my brother, my only relative, for I had lost my parents at an early age. Jack was a clerk in the foreign office. He considered himself a great swell, and did not at all approve of my going in for art. I knew he would protest against my undertaking the portrait of a person I knew nothing at all about.

So that evening after dinner, while Jack was smoking a cigar, I took my courage in both my hands and related my adventure in the national gallery.

Jack wore an eyeglass, and this bit of glass was capable of intense expression. When he was annoyed it seemed to grow rounder, when he was supercilious the glass became impertinent.

When I had finished, my heart sank into my boots, for Jack's eyeglass seemed enormous, making him look like a Cyclope, his one huge eye glaring at me.

He shook his long, narrow head. When annoyed, his voice was even more drawling and nasal than usual; this time it was fearfully drawling. He puffed out a long whiff of blue smoke from his Havana.

"Well, I declare, Ursula, I had begun to flatter myself that I knew the length and breadth of your eccentricities; but this last performance beats everything. I have always suspected that there is insanity in our family, now I am certain of it. That you, who belong to a respectable family—four father was a post captain in the royal navy]—should consent to paint the portrait of a Scotch farmer whom you casually encountered in or about the national gallery without any sort of introduction. It looks like lunacy."

"I want money, Jack; that is the long and short of it. I don't deny that I have enough to eat and drink, but I have other requirements; and to tell the truth, I have ambition, and I am not going about the world women are created merely to be the slaves of the lords of the creation, to sew buttons on their illustrious shirts and mend their many socks."

Jack's eyeglass became impudent.

"Grapes are sour in your case. But I forgot your poor curate, your patient admirer. Perhaps you consider him a sheep and not a man. How will he like your joining the noble army of spinsters who cry out against my sex?"

"You may sneer at me, but not at Harold," I exclaimed, with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Don't excite yourself; I am not sneering at your curate, and though he bleats and has a perpetual cold in his head, he is a most worthy soul; but I don't think he would appreciate this last action of yours—painting the portrait of an elderly fogy whom you don't know; he may be a ticket-of-leave man. Please see that the silver spoons are all right, and that there are no good umbrellas in the hall." He unfolded his *batiste* handkerchief, which emitted a perfume of jockey club, and to my relief went up stairs to his room with a novel.

Next morning at 11 o'clock punctually there was a loud rat-a-tat-tat at the door. I peeped from behind the curtain in my room, and beheld Mr. Cameron in a very black new suit of clothes standing on the steps. While waiting for the door to be opened he had taken out a pocket comb to trim his long whiskers. The housemaid came and handed me his card; her face was puckered up trying to restrain a smile. I had told her I was going to have my first sitter.

"Well, miss, excuse me—but he is no beauty. How can he want to have his picture done with such a red nose? It do astonish me."

I tried not to laugh, and, putting on a high-art, peacock-blue, apron embroidered with yellow lilies, went down to meet my sittter. He had been ushered into my *sanctum sanctorum*, consecrated to my art studies. It was a nice room, with a north light. There were several good plaster casts from the antique; autotypes from some of the best masters hung on the wall. There were a couple of easels, an oak chair ready for my sitter, and in a corner stood my skeleton.

In welcoming Mr. Cameron my skirt caught the foot of the skeleton, which rattled ominously.

"What a horrible thing, Miss Ward! How can you keep such a terrible bag of bones in your room? It makes my flesh creep, I assure you."

"Have we not all a skeleton in the cupboard?" I answered, smiling gaily. "I keep mine here; it is useful when I draw."

"Would you mind, Miss Ward, taking it away? You may think me foolish, but this skeleton makes me miserable."

"Oh, of course I will!" and taking it up in my arms I carried it into the next room.

"Thank you; but rather than that you should think me troublesome, I shall give you a good reason. A few years ago I lost my wife and then two bairnies" (his voice shook as he said this). "Anything that reminds me much of death is painful, and, as you are going to paint my picture, better not have a miserable expression."

I placed Mr. Cameron in half shadow; it was some time before I decided on the attitude. At last I settled upon a three-quarters, with his hands resting on his knees.

When I had drawn him in charcoal he came to look at it and gave a grunt not expressive of admiration.

"It is very black, and looks stiff, but you know best. Excuse my bluntness."

It is a nice trouble to allow a sitter to peep before the picture is nearly finished; you cannot tell the transformation it will go through.

He was astonished at my palette, and the rapid way I laid my tints. He had never come in contact with painters or any one who understood art. I think the peep he had taken disconcerted him, and he did not ask to look again.

When I attacked the nose I was puzzled. Ought I to copy it faithfully, buds and all? I was inclined to idealize, so toned down the vermilion tints. After I had had four sittings the portrait had made considerable progress, and on that fourth day I invited him to lunch. It was very confidential; he told me about his home in the north, of his loneliness since the loss of his wife and bairnies; he had married late in life, and was quite alone now.

"Ah, lassie!" he exclaimed, "I am a very solitary man now, with no one to care really for me, but I feel that the spirits of my lost ones hover constantly around me. Still I have my farm labor to, and their families, and take an interest in their welfare. I have built a club for the men and a school for their children on my estate."

While he talked I watched his face, and noticed the extreme benevolence of the expression.

That day, seeing the piano opened, he asked me as a great favor to play for him.

"I shall sing 'Highland Mary' for you."

He sat behind me, but as there was a a looking-glass in front of me, I could see his face, and was surprised at the strong emotion it betrayed; his face grew almost white, while tears stood in his blue eyes.

"The golden hours on angel's wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as life and light
Was my sweet Highland Mary."

"Ah, lassie!" he exclaimed, "what a treat to hear you sing! You have the voice of an angel."

I sang "Ye banks and braes o' Boonie Doon."

The handkerchief was in constant requisition; I heard him sob out loud.

"You have moved me, lassie, to the core; I cannot stand any more; it brings back too strongly the days of auld lang syne; so you must pity the sorrows of a poor old man."

He left me, looking greatly agitated, and with red eyes, promising to return in a couple of days, at the same hour, for a three hours' sitting.

The chills and trouble I had over this portrait cannot be described. Some days it was fearfully like, then I would put touches here and there and the likeness would vanish. I did not wish to render merely the features of the man, but sought to bring out his inner character.

"I never saw so painstaking a lassie," he remarked one day; "you are so absorbed, so much in earnest, you surely must succeed."

"I hope and want to do so, Mr. Cameron, but you are a difficult subject; it is the expression which I find difficult to render. Just now the portrait is passing through a variety of stages, truly appalling."

That afternoon, as Mr. Cameron was departing, my brother came in. I saw him casting a supercilious look through the eyeglass at my sitter.

"Well," Jack remarked, with his cynical smile, "I cannot congratulate you on the beauty of your sitter; he looks like a cattle drover. And what a nose, by Jove! I expect he is fond of the whisky bottle!"

He went into my studio and gave vent to a loud guffaw.

"Well, Ursula, you have succeeded; this is hideously, brutally like the old cove. It would do for a sign-post for a country inn, a drunken Silenus, or mine host with a tankard of beer and a long clay pipe; but it is vulgar."

"Do you think so?" I exclaimed, very despondent, "is it a failure, Jack?"

"No, it is too like," and he laughed again; but there is such a thing as being too true; you have softened nothing. Now that nose is an exact rendering of the original, pimples and all."

That night I was in despair. I took the portrait up to my bedroom, placed it on the easel facing my bed, hoping that on awaking next morning after a refreshing sleep I could see what was wrong, and where I could flatter and tone down defects. I had a nightmare that night; the portrait seemed that of an ogre with at least half a dozen swollen vermilion noses.

I had a dim sensation of getting out of my bed, lighting a candle, fetching my palette and brushes, and in my nocturnal garments and asleep, painting in the picture.

Next morning the housemaid came into the room with the hot water.

"Oh, miss!" she exclaimed, "what has happened to the picture? It is all sorts of colors, chiefly blue and yellow, and looks like a corpse. Oh, it is dreadful!"

I sat up. Whatdid I see? The portrait indeed looked like a decomposed corpse.

"I must have worked at it in my sleep, Susan; you see my palette is full of color, and my brushes have paint on them. It is too, too vexatious—what shall I do? Get me the turpentine which is in my study?"

When I get the turpentine I managed to efface the nocturnal somnambulistic work; but the fates were against me, and I wept bitterly. Was this picture going to be a failure?

When Mr. Cameron came for his sitting he noticed my dejected appearance, and asked me if anything had happened to annoy me.

"I have a headache." (What would we poor women do without our headaches? for they cover such a multitude of sins and omissions.)

"Now, pity yourself too much over this portrait; I feel ashamed of the trouble I am giving you. I had no notion that portrait painting was so difficult."

"Yes, I am in a slough of despond." I scraped and scumbled. After an hour's work the old ghost reappeared, and, strange to say, looked better than it ever did before—there was a pleasant surface to work on.

Mr. Cameron was more silent than usual, but his eyes rested on me with greater earnestness, and his manner was very sympathetic.

"You are a very hardworking lassie!" he exclaimed, "and so gifted; I shall be sorry when the sittings are over, for I have enjoyed your society too much almost."

"You have been very patient, Mr. Cameron, and now I am going to give you a few days' holiday in order to allow your portrait to dry thoroughly."

On leaving that day Mr. Cameron held my hand longer than usual and sighed.

Poor old man! I felt sorry for him; he was lonely.

The next day being Thursday, I went to the National Gallery and set to work on my copy of Andrea del Sarto; his face seemed more beautiful than ever. That day's work refreshed and comforted me.

That evening I received a letter from Harold telling me that he had something important to say to me. Something important! Most probably he was going to have a living, and, if so, our marriage would soon take place.

The next morning a magnificent bouquet of roses was left at the door for Miss Ward.

How nice of dear Harold to be so thoughtful! I mentally exclaimed, while sniffing the glorious roses and enjoying the bright feast of color. The bouquet was wrapped in silver lace, and round the stem I saw for the first time a card, which had escaped my notice.

"From Mr. Donald Cameron, with his very kindest regards."

Oh! so it was not from Harold! But how kind of Mr. Cameron! Now I must really flatter him. Taking up the portrait I did my very best to put in a benevolent expression. I mellowed down the nose and toned down the vermilion coloring of the face, and managed in a measure to give the expression of benevolence. The black coat looked too new to be artistic, the shirt front bulged out like a fat pigeon's breast, and the coral studs were too prominent; the hands were not well painted, but the carbuncle ring was a triumph of skill.

When Mr. Cameron appeared again I fancied he looked thinner and paler. I thanked him for the bouquet.

"Ah, lassie, no more thanks; it has been a real happiness; I wish you would accept flowers from me every morning. I long to do something that might give you pleasure. I don't really know what I am to do when the portrait is over."

"You astonish me, Mr. Cameron, in regretting the sittings are over; most people consider sitting for a portrait such a bore."

"Ah, no, not to a charming, young, gifted creature like you. You must remember I am a lonely old man, and seldom find my way into the society of young ladies."

"Would you like another peep at your portrait?" I said rather brusquely, for I wished to put an end to the personal turn the conversation was taking.

"You have flattered me," he remarked, after looking at my performance for a few seconds in silence; "but never mind that, I like to think that you have seen me in such a kindly light."

"Shall I sing for you, Mr. Cameron? You have sat long enough for me to-day."

I went to the piano, and while I was looking for some music the rack Mr. Cameron sat down on the music stool.

"Are you going to play for me?" I asked, smiling at him. "I should like to hear you so much."

He did not answer, but turned round and round on the stool, mopping the perspiration from his face with a scarlet handkerchief. There was a queer expression in his face; evidently he was suffering from a severe attack of nervousness.

He whirled round and round like a tectotum, the stool creaked and groaned under his heavy weight, his eyes were wild and rolled about fearfully. I heard the voice, but it was so husky I could barely distinguish the following words:

"I am a lonely, elderly man, but that is no reason why I should not have a heart, and I must tell you that" (now the stool gave a tremendous squeal)—"I love you—yes I do. Will you give me some hope?" A loud knock at the front door.

"Oh, Mr. Cameron, please don't say anything more on this subject, it is really too painful;" but before I could say another word Mr. Cameron was sprawling on the floor; the stool had given way. Harold walked in and we were locked in each other's arms, but I disengaged myself quickly.

"Oh, Mr. Cameron, I am sorry! Are you hurt? He has been sitting for his portrait, Harold," I gasped out.

Harold, who was a very shy young man, colored up; he he had not noticed the prostrate form lying almost at my feet.

"Oh, allow me to help you; the stool has given way, I see," exclaimed Harold.

I could not look at Mr. Cameron, for I felt how wretchedly ill at ease he must be.

"I am a little faint," he muttered, getting up, "but the fresh air will set me up. I am going—where is my hat?"

I saw the hat: he had put it on the coal scuttle. Evidently he did not know what he was doing.

"Oh, Mr. Cameron, don't go yet," I said; "you have had a shake. This music stool is not in good order. I am so sorry; do stay a little longer."

"No, I must go now, Miss Ward; I have staid too long; but allow me to congratulate you on your good luck," addressing Harold.

While his back was turned I rescued his hat from the coal scuttle.

"Now, Mr. Cameron, here is your hat, but I won't give it to you till you tell me when you will kindly come for one more sitting, for I have not done justice to your expression. He has been such a patient sitter," I remarked, speaking to Harold. "Are we not friends, Mr. Cameron—"

"God bless you both! I wish you every happiness," and before I knew what he was about he pulled his hat from my hand and was on the doorstep.

I never told Harold, or indeed any one, that Mr. Cameron had proposed to me; I felt grieved and uneasy. Had I been guilty of flirting or misleading in any way that kindly man who was so lonely? I sincerely hoped he would get some suitable, nice woman to be his wife, for I was almost young enough to be his granddaughter.

A few days after this last episode, I received the following note from Mr. Cameron:

DEAR MISS WARD—I find that I must leave London immediately. There is no necessity for me to give you another sitting, as I am perfectly satisfied with the portrait you have painted of me. I have ordered a Venetian frame and plate glass for it; the framer will call in a couple of days.

Please accept the inclosed check for £100. I don't think £60 could possibly repay you for the trouble and anxiety you have had, and as you are going to be married a little money is always useful. If you should have time to spare I should much like you to accept another commission from me, i. e., a duplicate of the picture you were copying at the national gallery when I first met you; I should like to have it for my drawing-room in Scotland. With my best wishes for your welfare, yours sincerely, DONALD CAMERON.

I sent the copy of Andrea del Sarto to Mr. Cameron. Three months later I was married to Harold, and we went to live in a pretty village in Devonshire. The money I earned from Mr. Cameron was certainly a help, but it is ever with a mixture of pleasure and pain I think of my first sitter! Never since have I been asked to paint a portrait professionally.—*Belgravia.*

A CURIOUS PRODUCT.

Rivaling the Product of the Loom in the Forests of South America.

A stranger traveling in Central America expressed great surprise when told by his host that mosquito nets grew on trees in that country, says a writer in *St. Nicholas*. The host further asserted that he intended to get a wedding dress from the same tree for a bride who was to be married on his estate.

"You don't mean," said the traveler, incredulously, "that mosquito netting and bridal dresses grow on trees, do you?"

"That is just what I mean," replied his host.

"All right," said the stranger, who fancied a joke was being attempted at his expense, "let me see you gather the fruit and I will believe you."

"Certainly," was the answer; "follow the men and you will see that I speak the exact truth."

Still looking for some jest, the stranger followed the two men who were to pluck the singular fruit and stood by when they ripped off a rather small tree, bearing thick glossy green leaves, but nothing else which the utmost effort of the imagination could convert into the netting of the wedding garment. The tree was about twenty feet high and six inches in diameter and its bark looked much like that of a birch tree.

"Is this the tree?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, senor," answered one of the men, with a smile.

"I don't see mosquito netting nor the wedding dress," said the stranger; "and I can't see any joke, either."

"If the senor will wait a few minutes he will see all that was promised and more, too," was the reply. "He will see that this tree can bear not only mosquito netting and wedding dresses, but fish nets and neck scarfs, mourning crape or bridal veils."

The tree was without more ado cut down. Three strips of bark, each about six inches wide and eight feet long, were taken off of the trunk and thrown into a stream of water. Then each man took a strip while it was still in the water and, with the point of his knife, separated a thin layer of the inner bark from one end of the strip. The layer was then taken in the fingers and gently pulled, whereupon it came away in an even sheet of the entire width and length of the strip of bark. Twelve sheets were thus taken from each strip of bark and thrown into the water.

A light broke in upon the stranger's mind. Without a doubt these strips were sewn together in one sheet. The piece seemed a good one and the fabric thus formed might do, he thought, if no better cloth could be had.

The men were not through yet, however, for when each strip of bark had yielded its twelve sheets, each sheet was taken from the water and gradually stretched sidewise. The spectator could hardly believe his eyes. The sheet broadened until, from a close piece of material six inches wide, it became a filmy cloud of delicate lace over three feet in width. The astonished gentleman was forced to confess that no human-made loom ever turned out lace which could surpass in snowy whiteness and gossamer-like delicacy that product of nature.

G. W. as a Rural Fireman.

Charles Levi Woodbury says that George Washington's last words were: "Never trust a nigger with a gun." That has the air of an adaptation from "Never Take the Horseshoe from the Door," but perhaps it is a correct quotation. When I was down in Alexandria the other day, however, I found no one who recognized it, but I heard some other things about George Washington which were quite as interesting. I learned for the first time that he was a great fireman. He was one of the founders of the Friendship fire company, which still exists, and when he first went to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia he bought a machine for the company for $400. He used to run to fires with it whenever he happened to be in town, like the public-spirited citizen that he was. It is remembered that a few months before his death he was riding through Alexandria, when the fire bells rang. He rode to the fire and was surprised to find that the machine was poorly manned and very feebly worked. Riding up to a number of well-dressed men standing on the curbstone he said: "Gentlemen, I am surprised to see you standing here idle. It is your duty to lead in these matters." With that he got off his horse and himself mounted the machine. You may be sure it was well worked from that on.

An Antique Ring.

The papers are mentioning the finding in Lancaster, Mass., the other day by a man who was plowing of a funeral ring inscribed "Sir William Pepperell, Baronet, July 6, 1759, aged 63 years." It is supposed to have been given to Col. Samuel or Col. Abijah Willard or some other friend of Pepperell who lived at Lancaster. Both the Willards and other Lancaster men served under Pepperell when he won his baronetcy in the ever-memorable expedition against Louisburg in 1745, which first showed the colonists that they were able to carry on a war against the French on their own hook. It is reasoned that the ring must have been in the ground more than 100 years, as the Willards became tories and left the country, as did also Sir William's nephew and heir, thus losing all the property which he inherited. One of the curious things about the baronet was that he was the youngest of a family of nineteen children, the offspring of a poor Maine fisherman.

Sun Baths for Baldness.

The senate is full of bald heads. Mr. Edmunds has the widest one in congress. It is a great affliction to him, and he has tried about everything on it, but the hair provokingly refuses to come to the surface. A few years ago somebody told Mr. Edmunds that a sun bath was the best thing in the world to bring out the hair. He reasoned it out to the Vermont senator until the latter became firmly and fully convinced that there was something in it. All summer long Mr. Edmunds walked out and permitted the sun to coax his hair to a position where it would be the pride of its proprietor and the envy of the other bald heads in congress. The old man stood it until he had several narrow escapes from sunstrokes, and then he gave it up. The sun hadn't produced a single hair.

Not a Good Custom for American Lovers.

Clara—"Isn't that an ideal! The paper says that Japanese girls who want husbands set flower pots out on the front portico. Wouldn't it be nice if the custom were adopted in this country?"

Mollie—"Why, nonsense! It would drive the American lovers away."

"Drive them away?"

"Yes, indeed. You just ought to see how the men rave around when their wives ask them to get up at night and bring in the flower pots because there's frost coming."—*Chicago News.*

Humor.

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

The Embarrassing Position He Attained in a Street Car.

Coming down from the house on the hill in a herdic, one day last week, were a cabinet officer, a school girl and two correspondents. The cabinet officer got in last, and fumbling dreamily in his vest pocket, fished up a couple of tickets and put them in the box. Seeing the mirth in the journalistic countenance, the secretary remarked:

"Oh, I put two in, didn't I? I thought my wife was along."

The school girl dropped her books and giggled as she scrambled them together again. The two newspaper men laughed. It was so funny to see such a slippery set of books. The driver looked in and laughed too. He had probobly had his hours reduced that morning to sixteen. The driver told the secretary through the window that it was "all right." "Take the next fare," he added. The next person who got in was a maiden lady of an uncertain number of summers and a double number of squaw winters. Her visage looked as if it would sour milk. The secretary sat nearest the box and when her five cents was handed up the secretary calmly took it and put it in his pocket according to the previous agreement, looking dreamily out on the lovely park and oblivious to everything. The driver registered the fare on his gong and all was right as right could be. All except the new-comer. A study of her countenance by the two newspaper men and the school-girl would have resulted in a shocking impropriety, but for the remarkable presence of mind of the latter. The books slipped again and went sprawling at her feet, while three persons bumped their heads to recover them and laughed absurdly. The secretary looked coldly at this performance. The maiden lady, whose nickel was snugly ensconced in his right-hand vest pocket, eyed him indignantly. She bit her thin lips to keep her mouth shut—another remarkable instance of feminine presence of mind. She looked at the driver, at the school-girl giggling in the corner of the coach, at the two merry-eyed newspaper men, then settled back in her seat with an intonation on "Well!" that startled the secretary from his lethargy.

"I've got your fare, ma'am," said he, smiling pleasantly and just getting at the meaning of the thing.

I see you have," retorted the now irate female. "You put it in your pocket."

"That's all right," shouted the driver, laughing. And then the school girl laughed without dropping her books, and the two newspaper men laughed, and the secretary laughed. Everybody laughed except the maiden lady, who hummed up and rang the bell and hopped out of the coach as mad as a wet hen.

A Seasonable Dialogue.

She—I never cared for progressive euchre, though I think there's a lot of fun in progressive tete-a-tete.

He—Progressive tete-a-tete. What on earth is that?

She—Why, don't you know? It's a summer resort amusement where everybody tries to be as entertaining as possible, for points.

He—And do they change partners?

She (with emphasis)—Frequently.

He—But I don't understand what regulates the game, or how the winners or losers are decided.

She—O, these little matters always adjust themselves—if the season is long enough.

He—Something like flirtation, isn't it?

She—Yes, it *does* go by that name sometimes.

A General Who Spelled It "Fite."

"Yes," said Col. McLure, appointment clerk of the Postoffice department, to a reporter, "Gen. Bragg, the Confederate army, though a born cavalry general, was one of the most illiterate men that ever lived. He and orthography, etymology, syntax and prosody were mortal foes. I have frequently seen letters from him. They would have made Josh Billings and Petroleum V. Nasby as jealous as a young girl is of her first sweetheart. As many battles as he was in, he never could spell an engagement as being other than a 'fite.' I saw one letter from him in which he said that he had been in the war a long time and had come to the conclusion that to be successful it was necessary to git thar the fustest with the mostest men."

Four of a Kind.

"I beg pardon, miss," he began, with a smile meant to be charming, "but did you know there was a flake of soot on your face?"

"Yes, I did," was the reply, snapped out like the cracker on an old whip.

His rather staggered the questioner, but he partially recovered himself and remarked:

"But don't you want to wipe it off?"

"No, I don't," the snapper-like jaws rattled out again, as the passengers tittered.

"And may I ask why you wish to carry that soot on your face, madam?"

"Because you are the fourth meddling old fool who has told me it was there since I left Chicago, and I want to keep it on long enough to find out how many more there are of you."—*Chicago Herald.*

Southern Cure for Spring Fever.

Just go an' git you a han'ful of dogwood, a han'ful of poplar, a han'ful of poplar bark. Then git you a little gran' sir grapbeard root and burn nine red corncobs—be shore and get red ones—an' save the ashes, an' beat all them barks an' roots an' ashes up fine. Then go to the blacksmith shop and git a han'ful of clean cinders an' get a little piece o' brimstone an' a little piece o' sulphur an' a little piece o' saltpeter an' beat them all up fine. Then mix them two powders together an' take a spoonful three times a day for nine days, an' then rest nine days, an' then begin again an' take it nine days, an' do this three times. By that time you'll have it all tuck up an' you'll be as fat as a hog.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

He Dropped Something.

He was from the old country. He was making a call. The irrepressible child had been playing with an alphabet in wood in the drawing room and the floor was strewn with block letters. He was very voluble and had some distinctly cockney peculiarities.

"I suppose you've been to the Yosemite," she said.

"Yaas. 'Ow glorious!"

She didn't say anything, but bent down and picked up an H and handed it to him.

"I beg your pardon, you dropped something, I think."

"Hexcuse me! I don't understand."

"I beg your pardon again. I see you have it."

New Application of the Boycott.

"Mamma," said a little boy the other night to his mother, "what will God do to me if I am not good?"

"He will punish you, Bobbie, and make you very, very sorry for having done wrong," replied the mother.

"But if I kept on doing wrong, mamma, then what?"

"He would punish you more severely than before."

"Mamma, do you think he would boycott me after awhile?"

The mother told the father that night behind the curtains that he must be careful how he talked before the children.

In the Nature of a Forlorn Hope.

Little Nell (stopping in front of a show window containing a hen and brood of little chickens)—Oh! ain't they funny, mamma?

Mamma—They are very interesting, dear, but we must hurry.

"Oh! do wait a little, mamma. See; the hen is sitting down."

"But I can't stop, dear. What do you want to wait for?"

"I think she's going to lay another little chick."

Had Him There.

First boy—"My pa blows a horn in the band."

Second boy—"That ain't nothin'."

F. B.—"Mischief it ain't; mo'an your ole pa can do. My pa goes to parties and pic-an' your ole pa can't go there."

S. B.—"Yes, an' my pa is in the penitentiary an' your ole pa can't go there, either."

A Fair Question.

"No," said Dumley, who had just formed a partnership with Robinson in the white goods line, "we have no silent partner or capitalist to back us. All the money and brains of the firm are furnished by Robinson and myself alone."

"I hope you will succeed," said Featherly warmly, "and by the way, Dumley," he added, "if it is a fair question, how much money do you put in?"

TAMING A BULLDOG.

A Young Detroit Married Man Tries the Power of His Eye.

When Mr. Fred Justlikallafus, of Columbia street, reached home from the office a few evening ago, he looked very much as if he had been dallying with a young, but healthy Western cyclone, or had just been run through a large-sized corn-sheller. He was decidedly tattered. That part of his coat where the tail usually hangs resembled nothing more than lambrequin fringe of new and peculiarly eccentric design. His shiny beaver hat had lost its shine, and looked like a tin-can which has been bandied about by sportive boys in the roystering game of "shinnyonyeroneside." The lower part of his left trouser leg had renounced allegiance to the upper part, just below the knee. There was a stellated daub of mud as large as the new comet on his usually immaculate shirt front, and his cuffs seemed to have been engaged in a spirited rivalry to see which could contract the greater quantity of dust and dirt in a given time. Under one of his eyes was a dado of dirt, and the other eye bore the blue mark of violence. There were scratches on the back of one hand that evidenced the somewhat hasty removal of patches of cuticle, and the other hand had apparently been trying itself at the popular pastime known as base ball, and got badly left—it was the left hand, anyway.

When this sorry spectacle, almost specter, of the personally neat and trim Mr. Justlikallafus, appeared at the door of the pretty little home on Columbia street, in the doubtful half light of the waning day, young Mrs. Justlikallafus, who happened to be in the front parlor at the time, gazed at it just long enough to take in the horrible reality that it was in fact her husband, and then threw up both her delicate white hands, uttered a dainty melodramatic shriek, and fainted. It took fully one hour to restore her to consciousness. All the help applied restoratives, several neighbors were called in, a doctor summoned, and poor Fred himself danced around among the rescuing party with an agonized look on such portions of his face as were not covered by the daubs and blotches of mud. It so happened that when Mrs. Justlikallafus' eyes finally struggled open again with returning consciousness, the first object on which they alighted was Mr. Justlikallafus, still in his bedraggled and battered state.

"Oh, Fr-r-ed-die!" she gasped, "wha-a-t" ——but the rest of the remark was lost in the feathers of the pillow in which she buried her head, preparatory to another fainting fit. The prompt attention of the attendants prevented a renewal of her attack, however, and Fred knelt down by the bed and in tones of touching tenderness implored her to calm herself and speak to him once more.

"O-o-h, F-f-fre-ed-die!" she moaned at length, without again raising her head, the words coming from the pillow in muffled syllables. "H-how c-can I-I e-ever look at you a-gain?"

"Why not, my darling, why not?" cried the unfortunate Justlikallafus, frantically.

"O-oh, F-freddie! You've been drinking, I know you have!"

"No!" exclaimed Fred, with an emphasis that reached clear across the street. "No, my darling! I swear I have not touched a drop to-day."

"Then you've had a disgraaceful street-fight!"

"No, no! my beloved, how can you believe such a thing? Look up, my life's life, look up into my face once more."

Mrs. Justlikallafus raised her head with a shudder.

"Oh, Fred, what have you been doing then?" she exclaimed.

"Calm yourself, pet," he said. "It's nothing serious."

"How can you do so? It looks serious enough; your clothes almost torn from your body, and—and your face and hands—ugh, b-r-r! [Another shudder] But how did it happen?"

Fred looked the picture of despair painted in mud and trimmed with rags, as he fumbled in his vest pocket, and finally pulled out a small clipping from a newspaper.

"Read that," was all he said.

Mrs. Justlikallafus took the clipping and read:

"The power of the human eye over the dumb brute creation is wonderful. Any one can keep at bay the fiercest dog by staring gazingly into the eye of the animal. The dog will at length go away completely tamed."

"I tried it on a bull dog," said Fred, dolefully.

"Oh, yes, I tamed him—at last," said Fred. Then he added, "But it was not simply by the power of the human eye. He resisted. I got hold of a rock and smashed his head. But I tamed him all the same."—*Detroit Tribune.*

Counting the Cakes.

Young Alberic had just won a medal at his school.

In honor of the event his parents had asked a few friends to pass the evening. At tea time some cakes were handed round, of which the young student was fond.

They were passed again to a lady guest, who modestly replied:

"No, thanks. I couldn't think of eating another. I'm sure I don't know how many I have taken already."

At which Alberic could not help exclaiming:

"Well, then, I do. I counted. You have eaten eight."—*French paper.*

Little Tommy Knew the Facts.

As young Smithers moved out the card-table he asked casually: "Where is that bright-red table-cover you used to have? I always liked that."

"You wouldn't like it now," interposed little Tommy.

"Tommy," said his sister Clara, "run away and play, there's a dear."

Recent Literature.

"East Angels," by Constance Fenimore Woolson, has attracted a great deal of attention while it has been running as a serial through *Harper's Magazine*, and it will be welcomed by the public in book form. The story is a good one, both as to manner and matter. Much as Garda Thorne's character in many respects must be disapproved of, the interest of the reader follows her warmly in spite of her selfishness. It is with her as in real life—her exceeding beauty and the fascination of her presence puts to flight for the time being the realization of her lack of heart. Margaret, the real heroine, with her wonderful self-control under circumstances that would try any woman to the utmost, holds the sympathy from first to last. Lanse Harold is one of the men who, like Garda among women, obtain much more out of life than he deserves. Some of the descriptions are very fine. The following picture of a Florida swamp seems a vivid reality:

"For there was no sky for anybody in the Moonlings; the deep solid roof of interlocked branches stretched miles long, miles wide, like a close tight cover, over the entire place. The general light of day came filtering through, dyed with much green, quenched into blackness at the ends of the vistas; but actual sunbeams never came, never gleamed, year, in year out, across the clear darkness of the broad water floor."

"The water on this floor was always pellucid; whether it was the deep current of the main channel, or the shallower tide that stood motionless over all the rest of the expanse, nowhere was there the least appearance of mud; the lake and the streams, red-brown in hue, were as clear as so much fine wine; the tree trunks rose cleanly from this transparent tide, their huge roots could be seen coiling on the bottom much as the great vines coiled in the air above. These gray-white bald cypresses had a monumentals pect, like the columns of a Gothic cathedral, as they rose, erect and branchless, disappearing above in the midst of the moss. The moss prescribed its habit to take on an additional witchery by becoming studded with flowers; up to a certain height these flowers had their roots in the earth; but above these were other blossoms—air plants, some vividly tinted, flaring, and gaping, others so small and so flat on the moss that they were like the embroidered flowers on lace, only they were done in colors."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"King Arthur," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc., is No. 76 of Harper's Handy Series. The sub-title is "Not a Love Story," and in the brief preface Miss Mulock states that the book is founded on facts which happened a good many years ago in America. It teaches the duties which parents owe to children, and is very pleasantly written, as all of the author's works are. Harper and Brothers, New York.

A biography of the first Earl of Shaftesbury—the "false Achitophel" of Dryden—appears in the series of English Worthies edited by Andrew Lang, and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. The author of it, Mr. H. D. Traill, has carefully avoided the severe and extreme views of Dryden, Bishop Burnet, Butler, Macaulay and others, and without trying to make a noble hero of Shaftesbury, presents him as a really interesting character in English history in the seventeenth century. The personal biography, in fact, presents excellent pictures of the national history in the time of Cromwell and Charles II, with the unprincipled Earl as a central figure.

Specimens of the illustrations and advance sheets of "The Memoirs of My Life," by Gen. John C. Fremont, come from Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and New York. The work includes an account of five journeys of western exploration during the years from 1842 to 1854, and will be illustrated by 200 full-page engravings, maps and plates. These engravings are very fine and have been prepared regardless of expense. The principal subjects of the book will be the geographical explorations of the West, the presidential campaign of 1856, and the civil war. The specimen sheets give assurance of a superb volume, so far as the mechanical execution of the work is concerned, while the contents can not fail to be both interesting and instructive.

"A Daughter of Fife," by Amelia E. Barr, author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," has been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. It is a very pretty story of school life, in which Ginger Promoter, the heroine, is a beautiful lassie both in character as she is in physique. The plot is well wrought and well developed. The author has already won considerable popularity by her previous works, especially "Jan Vedder's Wife," which was a very strongly written story. The style brings a breath of the clear air of the ocean to the reader. It is a charming tale.

From the same house comes "Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century." The sub-title is "Studies from the Lives of Livingstone, Gordon and Patteson," and the book is written by the author of the "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family" and therefore its welcome is already secured. The three men whose lives are traced in these volumes were among those whom the world reveres for their devotion to duty, in the discharge of which they came to their death, and therefore to their reward. The stories are touchingly told and will thrill readers with a sense of the true nobility of the subjects.

"The Captain of the Janizaries" is another book from Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. It is a story written by James M. Ludlow of the times of Scanderbeg and the fall of Constantinople. The history of this time is clothed in the form of fiction and makes a very interesting story. The peculiarities of life in Turkey are shown well. The only fault is a tendency to diffuseness, and yet this does not become wearisome, though the reader may sometimes wish the movement to be more rapid.

A novel by Jane Marsh Parker from the same house is entitled "The Midnight Cry." The scene is laid in the Genesee Valley, and the time was 50 years ago, and, of course, before slavery had become a thing of the past. The story hinges upon the Millerite belief in the speedy ending of the world, the day for which was appointed, and the preparations made by some of the leading characters to lay down their lives then with faith and courage. It ends pleasantly.

Two of the latest of Cassell & Co's "Rainbow Series" of original novels are "Marvelous in Our Eyes" and "Scruples." The first is by Annie E. Hornibrook, author of "Into the Light," etc., and is a bright little story, showing how all things work well for those who have faith in an overruling Providence. The second is by Mrs. J. H. Walworth, author of "The Bar Sinister," "Without Blemish," etc., etc., stories which have found many delighted readers. The present one is very pleasantly written. Cassell & Co., New York. Price of each, 25 cents.

The issue for May 15 in Cassell's National Library is "The Wisdom of the Ancients and New Atlantis," by Francis Bacon. These books are published weekly at $5 a year, or 10 cents apiece.

During the season of out-door sports, books relating to them find interested readers, and this will be the case with "The Boat Sailer's Manual," by Edward F. Qualtrough, who is already known as the author of the "Sailor's Handy Book and Yachtsman's Manual." The present volume is a complete treatise on the management of sailing boats of all kinds, and under all conditions of weather, containing also concise descriptions of the various rigs in general use at home and abroad. It has many plates and illustrations, and will be a great aid to those who desire to learn how to have a pleasant time on the water, and yet be safe. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Court Royal," by S. Baring Gould, published by J. B. Lippincott & Company, Philadelphia, has for its second title "A Story of Cross Currents" which tells something of the character of the story. The plot is full of incident, and is well developed. Through many trials the heroine reaches a happy situation in life, and the reader feels satisfied with the termination of the story. Price, 25 cents.

We have received a copy of Hicks's Advertisers' Guide for 1886, published for the use of advertisers, and presenting in a handy form for reference the advertising rates and special advantages of the leading newspapers of the country. It is an useful publication. Wm. Hicks, publisher, 150 Nassau street, New York.

The *North American Review* for June has the following table of contents: "Socialism in America," by Prof. Richard T. Ely; "Free Trade in Discussion," by Gail Hamilton; "Edwin M. Stanton," by Donn Piatt; "Why am I a Presbyterian?" by Rev. John Hall, D. D.; "Defense of Charleston, S. C.," by Gen. G. T. Beauregard; "The President and the Senate," by Dorman B. Eaton; "Gladstone," by Gen. Adam Badeau; "The Labor Crisis; "Shall Capital or Labor Rule?" by Henry Clews; "Strikes, Boycotts and the Knights of Labor," by Rufus Hatch; "Arbitration, Co-operation and Profit Sharing," by S. B. Elkins; Notes and Comments; "The New Constitutional Amendment," by Sen. J. J. Ingalls; "Bric-a-brac in Literature," by Jesse Cooledge. New York, $5 a year.

The *Overland Monthly* begins with the last number (June) the publication of a new serial, a novel of Mexican life, by Mrs. Louise Palmer Heaven, called "Chata and Chinita." The opening chapters, which are all that this number contains, introduce a catastrophe which is evidently to determine the course of the story, though it is not yet evident how. The other signed articles are stories and sketches, including a character study of a government mule, and an account of the trial trip of the first steamboat that mastered the rapids of the Upper Columbia. The first series of the *Overland* used to be famous for its short stories, and the present *Overland* compares very favorably, in this respect, for freshness and originality, with the best of the Eastern magazines. San Francisco, $4 a year.

In the June issue of the *Brooklyn Magazine* Mr. William H. Rideing continues "English and American Railways." Miss Edith M. Thomas has a poem on "Woodcraft," which Mrs. Jane Ellis Joy follows with "The Necklette Gown." The fiction of the number is represented by the opening chapter of a delightful story entitled "The Slave's Daughter," by Florence L. Snow, and also by the concluding chapters of Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren's novel, which is brought to a close. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher's "Talk" is on "The Servant Girl Problem," The Brooklyn Magazine Co., New York, $2 a year.

The *Art Interchange* always good, and full to the brim with excellent descriptions and suggestions, to say nothing of the beautiful designs which it gives its subscribers, does not fall one whit behind its usual excellence in its latest numbers. Its publishers has now made a new venture in the shape of a journal entitled *Home Decoration*, the sample copy of which shows that much may be expected of it in its particular line. It will no doubt obtain as large a circulation as the *Interchange*. Published by Wm. Whitlock, New York, at $1.50 a year.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly for June is full of interest for flower-lovers, as usual. Its frontispiece is the magnificent rose, Madame Victor Verdier. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

LITERARY NOTES.

The dictionary of the English language which the Century company is engaged in preparing, will require two years more for its completion.

Miss Gilder, the editor of the *Critic*, sailed for Europe May 20, with Miss Clara Louise Kellogg.

M. Taine has almost finished his work on Napoleon Bonaparte. The work may be expected in the fall.

The Book-Buyer for June contains a portrait of Mr. McCosh of Princeton, with a brief sketch of his useful and distinguished life.

The author of "Bootles's Baby" has written a "society novel" with the title of "Army Society," which is published by Harper & Bros.

The Scribners are reported to have sold 9,000 copies of Mr. Stockton's "Late Mrs. Null." The figures for Mr. Crawford's "Tale of a Lonely Parish" are said to be 20,000.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will publish at once a work of improvement on the labor question in America, by Prof. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, who is recognized as an authority on the subject.

Eliot Stock, London, has purchased the wood-work of the bedroom in which Robert Burns died, and proposes to bind in it the fac-simile, of the first edition of "Burns's Poems" which he is about to publish, and of the surplus to make cabinets in which to issue the large-paper copies of the reprint.

Baker & Taylor announce that neither they nor the author (A. J. F. Behrends) of "Socialism and Christianity" were aware until the book was fully made, and on the eve of publication, that the Cheroney Publishing Co. had previously issued a pamphlet by Henry W. Cheroney with the same title.

Messrs. Belford, Clarke & Co., publishers of this city, state that the plates of the "Personal Memoirs" were preserved in the fire which consumed their building in Chicago on May 26 last. All the original plates were in vaults in Philadelphia and New York, and only one original copperplate map was destroyed; of this Gen Fremont had a proof, and a new one will be at once produced. The fire will only delay the publication of the "Memoirs" a few weeks.

NIGHT GOWNS UNKNOWN.

A Place Where Women Sleep in Their Clothes.

Lady Shiel, in her "Glimpses at Life and Manners in Persia," says: "I went to see the shah's half-sister, a beautiful girl of 15, who lived with her mother in an obscure part of the ante-rooms, neglected by the shah, and consequently by every one else. She was really lovely, fair and with indescribable eyes and figure only equaled by some of the chefs d'œuvre of Italian art. This is so very rare among Persian women that she was one of the few persons I saw in the country with an approach to a good figure.

"She was dressed in the usual fashion of trousers on trousers, the last pair being of such stiff brocade that it put standing upright in the middle of the room there they would remain. Her hair was curled, not plaited, and she was literally covered with diamonds. She was quiet in her manners, and seemed dejected. She was most anxious to hear about European customs.

"And what seemed to surprise her most was that we took the trouble to undress every night going to bed—and she asked me was it true that we put on a long white dress to pass the night in.

"All Persian women are astonished at this custom, and are quite unable to account for it. They never undress at night; they untie their thin mattress from its silken cover, draw it out, throw its place against the wall, and roll themselves up in the wadded quilt which forms their blanket. The only time they change their clothes is when they go to bathe. If they go out to visit they of course put on their best garments, and take them off at night; but generally they lie down just as they are, and even in cold weather they wear their 'chadeor,' or out-of-door veil, at night."

Is Cleveland Superstitious?

As the train rolled out one of the leading officials said: "He always comes at the last minute, but we did not expect him by the back way. It was so different in Garfield's time. He always used to come by the front door, just as every one else does. If any one was coming that he wished to meet he came to the gate to meet him, as every one else does. He never once came by the back door."

But one day when Garfield came by the front door he was borne out on a stretcher. Possibly Cleveland's associations in connection with his wedding journey did not care to walk over the fateful spot in the floor of the waiting room where Garfield fell from Guiteau's bullet.

Grover Cleveland has started safely on his wedding journey by the back way. He raised his hat to nobody and nobody raised his hat to him.—*Boston Journal.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

As a Refrigerant Drink in Fever.

Dr. C. H. S. DAVIS, Meriden, Conn., says: "I have used it as a pleasant and cooling drink in fevers, and have been very much pleased with it."

Fate of the Great Eastern.

The uses to which the Great Eastern has just been put are doubtless such as her designer and builder never dreamed of. She is engaged, as may be remembered, to fill out the career of her days at Gibraltar as a coal hulk, and meanwhile she has been sent from Milford Haven, where she has lain for a dozen years, to Liverpool, in order to have her engines lifted out. Accordingly, an enterprising clothing establishmen of the latter town has hired her during her stay as a circus to be put into one of her big cabin tanks, which is 75 feet in diameter; a menagerie in one of her saloons; stalls for wares on her desk; while the trail of the advertising poster will be all over the ship, and especially on her huge sides, divided and let out for the purpose. Certainly the last stage in the career of the unfortunate monster, as a humble but respectable coal cellar, will be less garish than its impending employment as a floating bill board.

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THE GENTLE BOOK AGENT.

Its Courteous Manners in Either the Male or Female Shape.

The book agent is something that will live in history forever, even if the world should become so blessed as to be rid of it in fact. It has sent more people to an early grave, perhaps, than liquor, and its field of operations is broader. Liquor generally attacks only the male part of creation, but the book agent, like that twin nuisance, the sewing-machine agent, goes to the homes of men, and here the wives become the victims of his annoyances. Of late years this scourge upon housewives has taken a worse form—that of female book agents. The lady of the house, so kind and sympathetic toward one of her own sex who is striving to get along in the wicked world by selling books, is the special prey of the female book agent. A case of the latter type, which occurred down-town the other day, affords a nice example of the general character of the book agent.

The first symptom of the case was the lady book agent, with a pleasant face and a manner that showed how awfully hard it was for such a lady to get down to that "business gait" which only book agents and their like know. She had a new and wonderful work, "Our Living World," just the thing for the lady's little boy. The lady didn't want it and neither did the little boy, for it contained words and terms in Latin and Greek for all the animated details of creation, from mastodons down to animalulae. But the gentle book agent stuck and stuck and stuck to that housewife, who could not bear tell her to leave, until she took some parts of the work, and then at the earnest request of the fair agent she allowed the latter to just put her name down in her little note-book. The angelic agent then left and just knew that the book would cause such delight in the family that the lady would be glad to buy the remaining parts.

Then came the second phase of the plague. The next day or two a "deliverer" came. He had the other parts of the book which "the lady of the house had ordered." The lady said that she had not ordered them and did not want them. He left only after making boisterous threats of "legal trouble," and then not until he saw some of the male members of the household approaching, and had time to say that "she would hear from the firm about her contracts."

In the next mail the lady was the alarmed recipient of the following by postal card:

"We received an order signed by you for the work, 'Our Living World.' You received and paid for some parts, ratifying your order thereby. We printed the books for you and paid a commission on your order, consequently cannot release you from your contract. It is only a trifle to you every two weeks, and I hope you will reconsider your decision and take the next parts when the deliverer calls again, in preference to putting yourself and me to legal trouble and expense.'

Most people would never pay any attention to the matter further, but the husband of the lady wrote the following reply:

"When your deliverer calls again, he may expect to leave much sooner than he did the last time. My wife paid for what she received and sold your agent that she didn't want the remaining parts of the work, and you and your agent know that I only wish you and your agent knew half as well what infernal nuisances you are. The frauds by which your agents get well-meaning persons to sign their names in a book, which they do to get relief from their impudent importunities, the cowardice which your deliverers display in threatening timid ladies with trouble if they do not comply with some alleged contract, and your attempt to do the same by bluffing and dunning on United States postal cards, are equally mean practices, which no respectable man or woman in business or society can indulge in if they have any reputation to lose.

"In conclusion, let me admonish you about the use of the United States postal card. You had better read up the statutes on the subject. I will hand your postal card over to the United States commissioners, and you may have an opportunity to get constitutional light on the subject from Judge McKennan or Judge Butler. In the meantime, if your deliverer has any regard for his physical well being, let him stay away from ——— street."

It is hardly necessary to add that the deliverer has not called since.

STORY OF HUNGARIAN JUSTICE.

Odd Tales from the East Gathered by United States Minister Cox.

I related a story of a Hungarian justice, doubtless of Oriental origin, says the Hon. S. S. Cox in the New York *Tribune*, during a conversation in Turkey. In the interior of that country a Turkish agent was sent to buy cavalry horses to recruit for the then probable war with Bulgaria and Greece. While there the agent desired that the proprietor of a village with whom he was contracting should show him a specimen of the Hungarian mode of proceeding.

"Wait a few moments," said the proprietor, who was also a magistrate, "and I will see who is in the town jail."

Calling his constable, he was informed by that officer that a goose thief had been apprehended during the night, and was in confinement. He sent for the criminal.

"Are there any witnesses?" asked the judge.

"Two," was the answer—"the man who owned the goose and a man who saw the theft."

After hearing the evidence the judge, in his fierce and harsh Hungarian (Finnish-Tartaric) called up the culprit and said: "You have been found guilty and I fine you ten kreutzers and ten days' imprisonment for stealing the goose!"

Thereupon he summoned the owner of the bird and said: "I fine you ten kreutzers and ten days' imprisonment for allowing your goose to be stolen!"

To the witness he said: "Sirrah! I fine you ten kreutzers and ten days' imprisonment for not minding your own business!"

Hilma Effendi then remarked that almost as odd a case recently came before one of the courts of Stamboul. A creditor came to the judge to have a note sued. It was for 1,500 piasters, and due three years hence. The judge ordered the suit, but condemned the creditor to confinement for three years. "For," said his honor, "how do I know where you will be three years hence, so as to pay you over your piasters, unless I hold you?"

Tired. Languid. Dull.

Exactly expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. The depressing effects of warm weather, and the weak condition of the body, can only be corrected by the use of a reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Why suffer longer when a remedy is so close at hand? Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will give you untold wealth in health, strength and energy.

The Language of the Train.

To sit on the seat and put your feet on another signifies, "I am not accustomed to upholstered furniture at home." To occupy four seats on one ticket means, "I am a hog." To lean half-way out of the window in order to see the country means, "There are no glazed windows in my house." To turn a seat and ride backward, staring the whole car in the face, means, "I may not be pretty, but I think I am." To expectorate on the car floor means, "I have no carpet at home." To say of the station that "you cannot see the town for the houses," signifies, "I have never been anywhere before." To drink all the water in the tank and go to sleep at 8 o'clock in the morning means, "I am not with the boys last night." To be bounced off the train signifies, "I am dead broke." To chase your children away from your own seat to be entertained by the other passengers signifies, "I cannot afford to keep a nurse." To talk so loud the whole car can't help hearing you signifies, "I tell all I know." To bore a reluctant stranger with your conversation signifies that you ought to be taken out and shot. To eat your dinner with both hands means that you would eat like a gentleman if the railway company gave you time. To whistle in the car signifies that you have no ear for music. To drum on the window with your fingers show that you do not know how to drum. To walk through the car with a lighted cigar in your mouth indicates that it is your first cigar. To do any or all these things just when you feel like it signifies that you are away from home and are going to enjoy yourself in your own way, and you don't care who knows it. To be run over by a truck load of theater baggage on the platform signifies, "I seem to be in the way." To save a half-fare by telling the conductor that your 9-year-old boy will be 5 next June means, "I am a liar." For 95 passengers to get into a car that will seat 50 means, "Somebody is going to stand up."—*Robert J. Burdette.*

All for Ten Cents.

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering on its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, yet we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy send to C. Gilmore, 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Halford Sauce expressly for uniform use.

UNCLE SAM'S MAIL POUCHES.

Where They are Made and How It is Done—Quick Work by Toledo Boys—The Bags Which Carry Your Letters.

Every day in the cities the mail carriers make their daily rounds and deliver to eager persons news from friends in other parts of the country. The precious messages bring tidings of comfort and joy, and likewise tidings of misery, sadness and woe. Sometimes the gray-coated carrier jingles the bell briskly, and an anxious maiden hastens with beating heart for a letter from an absent lover; the loving wife hurries to the door to learn of the safety of her husband's arrival at a distant point; the mother with eager footsteps and heart full of love, expects a letter from the beloved son, who has gone out in the world to battle for independence, fame and fortune, against the cruel and treacherous waves. Sometimes a sombre, black-bordered letter announces the taking off of some dear friend. All these things come daily, and not a winter's or summer's day passes but somebody receives news either joyful or sad. Daily the carrier, through sunshine and rain, makes his round, and many faces are at the windows looking for his coming. Indeed, he is the most expected and looked-for man in this country. Some days he pleases and others he disappoints. Wistful eyes become dimmed with tears when his hurried footsteps pass the house,—no mail to-day! Others the pulsations of the heart quicken. Will he stop? Yes, he turns and ascends the steps! The long-looked for letter has come!

What has this to do with Toledo? A great deal. The missions of joy and sadness which will enter the many happy homes in this country for the next few years are intimately connected with this city of future greatness. Shortly after the recently married President of these United States took his oath of office and grasped the reins of government a contract was awarded to the firm of Quinn & Co., to furnish to the government the mail pouches for the post-office department. The contract was for 19,000 mail pouches, and in the city of Toledo are manufactured all the mail pouches which the United States government needs.

A large brick building stands on Broadway a few steps beyond the new bridges and here will be manufactured all the new mail pouches which will be used in the country for a few years to carry the messages of love and business on the swiftly moving mail trains. A BLADE reporter entered the building this morning and was kindly shown through by one of the firm and given a chance to see the United States mail pouches made. On the first floor were piles upon piles of finished pouches ready for delivery to the government, and in the office sat the genial manufacturers. A flight of stairs was ascended, and rolls of leather were visible in every corner and all over the room. Mr. Quinn led the way up another flight of stairs and into a large room where the pouches are made. The rapid click! click! click! which struck upon the ears proved to be the noise made by a number of young men fastening the pouches together with rivets of white metal.

The leather is first cut by pattern and then everything but the riviting is done by machinery. A strip of heavy leather for the mouth of the bag or pouch is inserted in a piece of machinery and in an instant the necessary holes and slots are punctured. The bottom is made of one piece of pressed leather and then begins the process of putting together. Two boys or young men and three older men are busily engaged making the pouches, the boys doing all the riveting, for this is the way the pouches are held together It takes one side half a hide to make one of the larger size of pouches, and the long part is first riveted together. This is then passed over a young man, who rivets the bottom of the bag on.

There are four sizes of pouches, and the largest is put together by 246 rivets. About six boys are kept busy fastening the rivets, and they make about 100 pouches a day, which would make 24,600 rivets put in and hammered in a day, or 1,100 rivets for each lad. It is astonishing how rapidly practice has enabled them to pound those rivets; they hammer like clockwork, moving their punch from rivet to rivet with precision and wonderful rapidity, very rarely failing to place the punch in exactly the right spot.

Four sizes are made, the smallest costing the government $2.80 apiece, the next $3.00, the next $4.50 and the largest $5.50. Each year Congress makes an appropriation for mail pouches, and this firm began on an order for 19,000 last June; they are still busily at work on the order, and expect to have the 1,900 completed and delivered in New York by the middle of August. Very few of the smaller size are ordered, the largest number being of the greatest size. An additional appropriation of 10 per cent. was made this year.

This is how much Toledo is interested in the daily journey of Uncle Sam's mail throughout the country, and soon all the roads in the country will be carrying mail bags cut and riveted together by Toledo boys at benches on Broadway.

—For beauty, for comfort, for improvement of the skin, use only Pozzoni's Powder. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.

A CAT WITH GALL.

How She Bothered a Brooklyn Householder One Night.

"That cat has more gall than any domestic animal I ever came across," remarked a shopkeeper the other night as he drew a string to and fro along his counter for a demi-colored midnight serenader to play with. "In fact the other night she fairly paralyzed me. I have been in the habit of letting her sleep in my bedroom on cold nights, and she has climbed up on the bed to keep warm. Night before last she came walking up and pranked herself down square in front of my nose. I like a cat, but I am blessed if I like to have one poke her tail up my nose and sing when I want to go to sleep; so I took her up gently and put her down at the foot of the bed. What does she do but walk straight back and curl up on my pillow. That riled me a little, so I chucked her down again, and to keep her from getting up against my face I gathered my blanket up around me and covered by head up. In half a minute I felt her walking around on my head and hunting for a place to get under cover. She couldn't work it, so then she dug her claws into the blanket and pulled. Presently she got the blanket down from the back of my head and began to bite my neck. She didn't growl nor seem angry, but acted as if she was punishing me for not giving her part of my pillow. Of course, I wasn't going to lie there and submit to that, so I grabbed her and fired her down to the foot of the bed. She didn't get mad, but came walking back again, as if she belonged there and was determined to have her rights. When she strolled up as far as my stomach I raised my hand to hit her a clip over the head. Most any other cat would have jumped out of the way at that, but she didn't. She sat up on her hind legs and lifted one paw and head it ready to strike back at me. She was the coolest looking imp of a quadruped that I ever saw, and it made me think of the stories of witches having cats around their premises when I saw her standing there waiting to hit back, and her eyes shining green in the dark. I felt afraid of her, hang me if I didn't, and I let her come back on the pillow, but as soon as she got to sleep you can bet I took her by the back of the neck and dropped her down the back stairs. She'll never sleep in any room with me again, and yet I like a good cat. Here! You brute! You've gone and upset that box of stuff all over the floor again, have you?"

The Fountain of Youth.

In all the searches for the fabled fountain of youth there has been disappointment in the final benefit. This has been more or less keen, according to the state of health of the seeker. But *modern scientific research has found a real "fountain of youth."* In Compound Oxygen the old ideal so long sought for has been found to be attainable. One who has tested its value, writes from Wanken, Wis.: "Sleep better; *dyspepsia* is less troublesome, and I think I may say my heart is better. I am stronger, and I can walk a block without being ashamed of one or more vulgar and even vile remarks. Now, you may think that this is owing to my own moral degeneracy, or that my associates are from the lower strata of society, or at least from a very low grade. But this is not the case; for the past five years I have been placed in a position where I have formed the acquaintance of rich and poor, high and low, and I can positively affirm that I am more liable to be compelled to listen to vulgarity from those who are my social equals and those who are financially above me than I am from those who are my inferiors in these respects. Now, right here, you will possibly be led to conclude that I lack moral force of character. I will only say that in such cases, I always manifest my disapproval of this language, and sometimes in quite lengthy argument. But my personal morality has nothing to do with the generalization of which I am speaking.

ONE feels loath to believe that this is a true picture, but the writer is evidently in earnest in his assertions. If it be so, it is a sorry thing, for vile words are always the outcome of vile thoughts, and these cannot be indulged in without great moral deterioration. Young men who mean to live honest, manly, upright lives will never permit themselves to use vulgarity under any circumstances. Profanity may result from overpowering anger and not from any real evil in the individual, but vulgar speech can only come from vicious tendencies, which strengthen with indulgence. The man who swears may be respectable in every other direction; the man who habitually uses vulgar language is rotten at heart. Men must in every day life be often subjected to hearing what is rough and unpleasant, but if they are wise they will guard themselves from its use as vigilantly as from taking poison in their daily food.

BE public spirited. Don't be a crank. Don't be a chump. Attract to your city all the visitors you can. When you get them here see that they enjoy themselves. Show them the sights. Visitors like to be entertained. See that they are entertained. When they go home they'll always speak well of the city. Have some gumption. Don't be a chump. Tell strangers how many nicely paved streets your city has; how many shaded avenues beautify the place. Show them the substantial business blocks and elegant residences. Know all about your city's industries and tell what you know to strangers. Know your city and be able to answer all questions and refute all false allegations. Don't spend your time telling people how bad the cholera was a number of years ago. Be proud of your home. Don't try to convince people you live here just because you have to on account of your business. They'll know you're lying, but all the same a bad impression is given. Tell the truth and make it as plain as possible. Be a citizen. Don't be a slimy toad. Don't be a chump.

—*Bowen's Budget*, Fort Plain, N. Y., for March, 1886, says: In the multiplicity of medicines placed upon the market, it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between the meritorious and the worthless. There are at least two excellent remedies widely used, the efficiency of which are unquestioned. We refer to St. Jacobs Oil and Red Star Cough Cure.

Three Kinds of Kisses

There are three kinds of kisses in a world of miscellaneous kisses which may be counted true—the kiss the mother lightly lays upon her baby's dewy lips, the kiss the mother gives her boy as he goes forth into the world, and the kiss we press upon the still, pure lips of the dead. All the rest are like the strawberries in the bottom of a basket—to be taken with suspicion.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's patent improved cushioned ear drums perfectly restore the hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. Beware of fraudulent imitators.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

IT seems that there are styles in every thing, even in what are called ladies' men, in these days of change. Years ago, says some close observer, the term suggested a "gusher," one who observed all the fashionable follies of dress, was full of small talk, always ready to do such service as carrying fans, bouquets, and to make himself useful where most masculines would feel out of place—one too, who was hated of other men in the same proportion as he was held in affectionate regard by the ladies. Now, however, such individuals have no chance for popularity. Their day is over. It is the dignified and exclusive man who smiles rarely and slowly, speaks little but looks a great deal, knits his brows and wears an abstracted look as if his soul were far away from his adoring feminine friend, who holds sway now. He is fond of presenting flowers and inexpensive little things in some graceful way that wins the fancy, and though he rarely pays compliments, when he does they wear an air of truth that makes them wondrously effective.

THE question often comes up as to the propriety of ladies receiving presents from gentlemen friends. It is certainly unwise to accept expensive articles, but flowers and books do not come within the list. It is true a great deal of money may be spent in floral offerings, as, for instance, one of the society favorites of New York is said to pay a monthly bill averaging $300 to the florists, but a ten-dollar bouquet can be received as a simple courtesy where, in another form, the expenditure would involve an obligation that should not be incurred. Even when engaged, a young lady should be chary of receiving what would embarrass her, if the engagement were broken off. Wait until after marriage, and then if the happy husband desires to show his generosity, she may take his gifts without fear of repentance.

NOTWITHSTANDING the custom in France of having marriages negotiated by parents, matrimonial agencies flourish there to a far greater extent than in this country, where there is almost a perfect freedom of choice. In Paris alone there are over 100 of these establishments, and nearly one-half are kept by women, who make a good living out of the business. One agency brought about 202 matches within less than a year, and as the charges are in proportion to the amount of income involved, or to the rank of the parties, sometimes a single one will return a rich harvest. Let a servant suddenly become wealthy, or some thrifty person make a fortune in trade and they become ambitious to raise themselves into a higher grade of society by marriage, so become patrons of these agencies. It is only another way of accomplishing what is done in the United States by skilful maneuvering, and who shall say that one way is not just as good and not as honorable as the other, and that the chances for a tranquil life are not as great?

THE Salad-server does not often feel inclined to dish up fashions, but some one is very anxious to know about the latest style in hair-dressing for ladies this summer. It is a question that is very hard to answer because there is nothing that is universally popular. In fact, in the wearing of the hair as in dress generally, more good sense prevails than formerly. What is most becoming is, in a general way retained, a very little variation being sufficient to show a proper regard for fashion's dictates. Some wear the high Josephine coronet or the broad "Leah" braid wound completely around the head in an unbroken circle. For full dress occasions many fashionable women have adopted the Japanese coiffure, which admits of a number of costly gem-set pins run through the high coils of hair. The mania for short cropped heads of hair still obtains, but nine out of every ten of those who sacrifice their tresses to the Moloch of fashion regret it keenly in a very few weeks. Yet it is the most comfortable way by all odds, if the style could be made general.

FROM *la belle France* comes suggestions in regard to lovers' bouquets, which Toledo young men will be glad to learn, so that they can offer these pretty attentions to the fair maidens of their choice, in the most graceful manner. That the French idea in regard to such things is the most admirable must be conceded, since they are always acknowledged to be the most polite people in the world. One of their oracles discourses thus: "If the fiance is a man of any taste he will always vary his flowers according to the conversation he has had with his lady-love on the previous day. He will know better than to send white illusions in the blossoms he sends, for have not flowers their language? That will show that he has occupied himself with their choice, and that to conform to custom is not the reason for his floral gift. It will also show that he cherishes in his heart the sweet words that she utters in their meetings." Toledo lovers will take note.

THE Salad server has received a letter, a part of which reads as follows:

I am young man, possessing no more than a fair degree of modesty, yet I am constantly shocked by our every day street conversation. To be plain, I will say that there is not more than one young man in five (and I will not limit them to my own acquaintance) with whom I can walk a block without being ashamed of one or more vulgar and even vile remarks. Now, you may think that this is owing to my own moral degeneracy, or that my associates are from the lower strata of society, or at least from a very low grade. But this is not the case; for the past five years I have been placed in a position where I have formed the acquaintance of rich and poor, high and low, and I can positively affirm that I am more liable to be compelled to listen to vulgarity from those who are my social equals and those who are financially above me than I am from those who are my inferiors in these respects. Now, right here, you will possibly be led to conclude that I lack moral force of character. I will only say that in such cases, I always manifest my disapproval of this language, and sometimes in quite lengthy argument. But my personal morality has nothing to do with the generalization of which I am speaking.

The Camp Fire.

On the Tented Field.

The New York *World* says: John Foss, of Sedgwick Post, No. 24, Department of Kansas, is said to be the oldest Grand Army man living. He was born in Leeds, Me., October 10, 1800, enlisted in Co. B, 142d Illinois, in May, 1864, and was mustered out in October, 1865. He had two sons in the 96th Illinois, and both are members of Sedgwick post.

James K. Blackburn, Fidelity, O., 3d Ind. cav., says: I have read the BLADE and its CAMP FIRE department for a long while, but have never yet seen anything from the old Third Indiana cavalry. I would like to have some member of my regiment write up for the CAMP FIRE Kilpatrick's raid on Richmond and Sheridan's raid on Richmond. I was wounded in the battle of Cedar mountain, and my only brother was killed at the battle of Winchester, Virginia. I am for Logan and Lincoln for President and Vice President in 1888.

Army and Navy Journal:—On Friday of next week, June 11, will be retired for age that veteran and gallant soldier, Brevet Major-Gen. Samuel D. Sturgis, colonel 7th U. S. Cavalry. Graduating from the Military academy in 1846, he saw service with the 2d and 1st Dragoons in the Mexican war, and after that and before the outbreak of the rebellion had his full share of frontier service. During the war he served with gallantry and distinction, was appointed a brigadier general of volunteers in May, 1861, and received several brevets, the highest being that of major general "for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Fredericksburg, Va." He attained the rank of colonel 7th U. S. Cavalry, May 6, 1869, and now, after 40 years' active and honorable service, retires to that ease which he has so well earned.

I am a reader of the BLADE, and have been watching the CAMP FIRE for something from the 57th Indiana, but have not heard anything from any one of the regiment yet. Boys, the last time I saw the regiment was at Franklin, Tenn. I was wounded there on the evening of November 30, 1864, and fell into the hands of the rebels. We had the biggest job on our hands that evening than we had at any time during the war, for the time we were engaged. What say you all? You will recollect that bayonets were used and guns were clubbed at a terrible rate after we were driven into our second line of works. Boys, I want to tell you how I escaped one fight and one wound. When we were formed in line to make the charge on Mission Ridge, Capt. Burket and the company teamster had a little difficulty about something. I don't recollect what now, but the captain put the teamster in ranks and detailed me to take the team. The teamster, John Hawkins was his name, got a severe wound through the arm. Boys, chip in. I would like to hear from you.—JESSE MILLS, Co. I, 57th Ind. Inft.

A Story of 1812.

"C. P. S." writing to the *Army and Navy Journal*, tells the following story which he heard from the lips of a disguished officer of the army, who was a personal friend of both Mr. Francis Key and Capt. Mann Page Lomax, U. S. artillery, during the war of 1812. The reference is to the bombardment of Fort McHenry in 1814:

Mr. Key and Captain Lomax visited the British flagship, just before the bombardment, under a flag of truce. They were courteously received, but were detained on board, the admiral informing them that he could not permit their return to land until after the impending bombardment, but desiring them to consider themselves his guests for the time, and treating them with great consideration.

At dinner on the day preceding the bombardment, the admiral presided at the table to do honor to his American guests, and all went smoothly until a stupid young l

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. Attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are published for the benefit of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with

Scandinavian Mythology.

F. C. A., Clarvalle, Tenn.:

Give an outline of Scandinavian mythology—how the world will come to an end, etc.

This mythology, as we possess it, is the work of those northern minstrels of Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Ireland, called Scalds. Some of its features are: There were originally no heavens above or earth below, but only a bottomless deep and a world of mist, in which flowed Hwergelmer, the fountain that strove to devour everything. Twelve streams issued from this fountain, and flowed so far from their source as to stop and become frozen into ice, until, one layer accumulating above another, the great deep was filled up. Afterward the frozen vapors became thawed as to who "The Man with the iron Mask" could have been, the one generally received at the present day by those who have carefully investigated the subject is the following: It is conjectured that he was a Count Mattioli, a minister of Charles III., Duke of Mantua. This minister had been largely bribed by Louis XIV., and had pledged himself to more than he could give to the French the fortress of Casale, which gave access to the whole of Lombardy. Louis found that Mattioli was playing him false, and lured him to the French frontier, and there had him arrested and conducted secretly to Pignerol. As he was minister plenipotentiary at the time, his seizure was a flagrant violation of international law, which it was safer to be able to deny than justify, and when Count Lauzun, who held the "Iron Mask" for three years was involved in upholding it.

Magna Charta.

W. C. D., Beaver Mill, Wis.:

1. What was one of the first symptoms of rebellion shown by the English barons against King John? 2. Give particulars how the barons brought the king to terms.

1. The barons, who were raised in Guienne, John summoned all his English vassals and military tenants to assist him in restoring order in the revolted territory; but many of the English barons refused to obey their monarch's summons. 2. Philip of France espoused the pretensions of Prince Albert, and declared himself the protector of the discontented barons. The young prince Albert was murdered at the castle of Rouen, and the barons accused John of the crime, and on his not appearing to answer the charge, he was found guilty of treason and felony. All the fiefs and estates held by the vassal of the king of France were declared forfeited. To execute this sentence, Philip put himself at the head of his army, and being joined by the barons from the conquered duchy of Normandy, while John, spending his time in rioting and excess, was at length compelled to abandon the continent and embark for England. After the loss of Normandy, Guienne, Poitou, and the greater part of the barons and confiscated the estates of others. At length the barons, determined on recovering their liberties at all hazards, waited upon King John in London, and demanded the confirmation of the liberties which had been granted to their ancestors by Henry I. John employed various arts to secure himself from the effects of their resentment. He commanded all his subjects to renew their oaths of fealty; granted to all cathedrals, monasteries and convents the right of free election of their superiors; took the cross for the recovery of the Holy Land, and sent embassadors to the Pope, accusing the barons of rebellion. The barons, being convinced that they had no hopes of redress, but what resulted from their own valor, assembled with their followers, who constituted a formidable army, and marched to Brackley, near Oxford, where the king resided. On the approach of the barons, the king sent the archbishop of Canterbury and the earl of Pembroke to ask what they desired. The barons made known their demands in writing, which John rejected. The barons thereupon declared war, and marched to London and took possession of the capital. The king then proposed a conference, which was held in a large meadow called Runnymede, and here, on June 19, 1215, the famous charter was granted by King John.

Buchanan's Attorney General.

R. C. D., Meridian, Wis.:

Can you publish the "Opinion upon the Powers of the President" furnished by Attorney S. Black, of Pennsylvania, to Pres. Buchanan, regarding seceding states?

It is too long to publish in full. Black maintained that existing laws put the Federal government in a strictly on the defensive. It could use force to repel an assault on public property, and aid the courts in the performance of their duty. Following are quotations: "If one of the states should declare by its ordinance that it has determined upon the rightfulness of the cause upon which such declaration is based. Whether the retirement of a state from the Union be the exercise of a right reserved in the compact or a violation of an engagement, it is certain that you have not in either case the authority to recognize her independence or to absolve her from her Federal obligations. Congress can not admit another state into the Union, if, in the opinion of either house, that body must take such measures as may be necessary and proper. Whether Congress has the constitutional right to make war against one or more states, and require the President to carry it on, is a question for him to be drawn from the other states, is a question for Congress itself to consider. The states are colleagues of one another, and if some of them should conquer the rest and hold them as subjugated provinces, it would totally destroy the whole theory upon which they are now connected. If this view of the subject be as correct as I think it is, then the Union must look for its safety at the present time to the power which will at the moment when Congress shall arm one part of the people against another for any purpose beyond that of merely protecting the general government in the exercise of its proper constitutional functions." The war settled a great many things, besides the "opinion" of Att'y Gen. Black.

Roman Catholic Emancipation.

W. S. H., Addison, Mich.:

Give date of the passage in England of the Roman Catholic Emancipation act; also a synopsis of the same.

The act was passed April 13, 1829. Up to that period the laws affecting Roman Catholics were very severe, and rose quite as much from political tyranny as from religious rancor and fanaticism. The emancipation act itself was also affected by a change in the political rather than in the religious views of the ruling party. Penal laws existed by which a Roman Catholic priest could be transported if he married matrimony between two persons, knowing that both or either was of the Protestant religion. No Catholic could sit in the House of Peers or in the House of Commons. No Catholic could vote for a member of Parliament. No Catholic could hold a corporate office. In James I.'s reign Catholics were prohibited from practising physics, or of exercising the trade of apothecary. In William III.'s reign they were prohibited from keeping any horse of a value exceeding £5. Under George I. they were prohibited from keeping schools, or procuring the education of children at home. Perhaps, however, the most demoralising act of all was that which justified a son, conforming to the established religion, to force his parent to surrender his estate under an allowance. The subject of Catholic emancipation began to be taken up warmly by the press about 1824, and a relief bill was introduced in 1825. It passed through the Commons with a majority of 27 in a house of 509, but was rejected by the Lords. In 1829 it passed through the Lords by a majority of 106. Daniel O'Connell was the Irish leader at that time.

Baron Steuben.

Reader, Pagetown, O.:

Please give a sketch of the life of Baron Steuben, and state when and where he died.

He was born at Magdeburg, Prussia, November 15, 1730, and received a good education. He entered the military service, and soon rose to a position near the person of the king, the great Frederick William. He ranked high in the military and court circles of Europe, because of the reputation he had won in the seven years' war. He was not obliged to leave his country, but, like many other foreigners, he left home, wealth and honor, for the privilege of fighting for the American cause. He was placed with the army at Valley Forge, and at once began to introduce the Prussian drill, by adapting it to the American troops. In the brilliant campaign which followed, his influence was marked. He wrote a book on military science in French, at the solicitation of Washington and Congress. He could not use the English language. It was translated, and was the only book of the kind accessible to American officers during the Revolution. He ultimately became a major general. His services can never be overestimated. He was a fervent Christian, but was possessed of a quick temper, which would occasionally manifest itself. His life was full of noble and generous acts. His fortune dwindled away through his kindness. He was voted, in 1790, by Congress, an annuity of $2,500 a year, for life. He received land from several states, among the rest 16,000 acres from New York. He retired to a log house upon the latter, and freely settled some of his old army companions upon a portion of it, which he presented to them. His last years were spent in comparative quiet. He died near Utica, N. Y., November 28, 1794.

Miss Frances E. Willard.

Sub., Greensburg, Ky.:

Please give as complete a biography of Miss Frances E. Willard, the temperance lecturer, as space will admit.

She was born near Rochester, N. Y., September 28, 1839, of English parentage, and descended from a race of teachers. Graduated at the Northwestern female college, in 1858, and followed the profession of teacher in various Western towns; afterward taught the natural sciences in her alma mater; in 1867 was appointed professor of belles-lettres in Wesleyan seminary at Lima, N. Y., and February 14, 1871, was elected president of the college recently established in connection with the Northwestern university in deference to the popular idea of the co-education of the sexes, being the first time that such an honor was conferred upon a woman. Her eminent fitness for the position was soon made manifest. In 1869-71 in company with her friend and benefactress, Miss Kate A. Jackson, of Paterson, N. J., she made an extended foreign tour, visiting Europe, Syria and Egypt. In 1871 she lectured successfully in Chicago, her theme being "The New Chivalry," the educational aspects of the woman question. Besides numerous contributions to periodicals, Miss Willard in 1864 published "Nineteen Beautiful Years," a tribute to a deceased sister, which has been highly commended. Of late years her name and fame have been familiar to all.

Ponce de Leon.

R. G. S., Bay View, Fla.:

I would like to have a sketch of the life of Ponce de Leon, the discoverer of Florida.

He was born in Leon about 1460. Little is known of his early life. He distinguished himself in the war with the Moors of Granada; accompanied Columbus on his second expedition in 1498; and became commander of the eastern province of Hispaniola. Sent by Ovando in 1509 to conquer the island of Porto Rico, he amassed there great wealth, and hearing of an island situated to the north, in which was a miraculous fountain which could restore youth to the aged, he obtained in spite of the Indians of the Bahamas in March, 1512. He failed to find the fountain, but landed, April 8, 1512, some miles north of the site of St. Augustine, taking possession in the name of the King of Spain. He cruised south as far as Cape Florida and then returned to Porto Rico, leaving one of his men to continue the search. Returning to Spain in 1513, he received from Ferdinand permission to colonize the "Island of Florida," and the appointment of governor. In 1514 he led an unsuccessful expedition against the Caribbean Indians. Proceeding in 1521 to take possession of his province, he encountered the determined hostility of the natives, was driven back to his ship mortally wounded, and died soon after his arrival in Cuba.

To Clean Wall Paper.

Sub., Logan, Iowa:

Please give a recipe for obliterating paste stains on wall paper without removing color of paper.

Cut into eight portions a loaf of bread two days old; it must neither be newer nor staler. With one of these pieces, after having blown off all the dust from the paper to be cleaned, by means of a good pair of bellows, begin at the top of the room, holding the crust in the hand, and wiping lightly downward with the crumb, which shall have been cut with a knife till the upper part of the paper is completely cleaned all round. Then go round again, with the like sweeping stroke downward, always commencing each successive stroke a little lower than the upper stroke had extended, till the bottom be finished. This operation, if carefully performed, will frequently make very old paper look almost equal to new. Great caution must be used not by any means to rub the paper hard, nor to attempt cleaning it the cross or horizontal way. The dirty part of the bread, too, must be continually cut away, and the pieces renewed as soon as they become necessary. To take grease stains out of wall paper, mix pipe-clay with water to the consistency of cream, laying it on the spot, and letting it remain till the following day, when it may be easily removed with a penknife or brush.

The Franchise in Canada.

Reader, Frechold, Pa.:

Give a synopsis of the election laws of Canada.

There are assessment qualifications required for voters by the election laws of nearly every part of Canada. In Ontario and Quebec a vote is given to every male subject who is the owner, tenant, or tenant, of real property of the assessed value of $300, or of the yearly value of $30, within the limits of cities or corporate towns; or, of the assessed value of $200, or yearly value of $20, if not so situated. In Nova Scotia a vote is given to every male subject of the age of 21 years, assessed in respect of real estate to the amount of $100, or of personal property, or personal and real, amounting to the value of $100 annual income. In Nova Scotia the franchise is with all subjects of the age of 21 years, assessed in respect of real estate to the value of $150, or in personal property, or personal and real and personal together, to the value of $400. Voting is by ballot. Indians not resident with their tribes are allowed to vote under the same qualifications as white men, and by a law passed by the Dominion parliament in August, 1885, those Indians who are still with their tribes are, with certain property restrictions, allowed to vote for members of the House of Commons, as well as concerning matters of local government.

Montanists.

F. R. V., Colenso, Minn.:

When did the religious sect known as Montanists flourish, and what was their peculiar belief?

They sprung up towards the end of the second century, taking the name from their leader, Montanus, a Phrygian. He pretended to inspiration, and gave out that the Holy Ghost had instructed him on several points which had not been revealed to the apostles. Two of the most celebrated of his followers were Maximilla and Priscilla, two ladies of fortune, who were early converted to his opinions, and pretended to prophesy. Soon after he found a zealous and gifted advocate in Tertullian. The Montanists preached a most rigid asceticism. They held it unlawful to fly from persecution, condemned second marriages, and scrupled forever communion to such as had been guilty of certain notorious offenses. They represented the millenium as being near at hand, and taught that Pepuza, in Phrygia, was to be its center. Hence they sometimes were called Pepuzians, Phrygians and Cataphrygians. They spread rapidly in Phrygia and other parts, but were violently opposed by the Alexandrian school, and condemned by several principal councils. They at length disappeared about the end of the fourth century.

Artificial Honey.

Reader, (no postoffice):

1. Tell what you can about artificial honey. 2. Tell what you can about the corpuscular theory of sound.

1. There are various ways of making artificial honey. Take five pounds good common sugar, two pounds water, gradually bring to a boil, skimming well; when cool, add one pound bees' honey and four drops of peppermint. If you desire a better article, use white sugar and one-half pound bees-water and one-half pound more honey. Another method: Take ten pounds Havana sugar, four pounds water, forty grains cream of tartar, ten drops essence of peppermint, and three pounds honey; first dissolve the sugar in the water over a slow fire, and take off the scum; then dissolve the cream of tartar in a little warm water, and add, with some stirring; then add the honey, heated to a boiling point; then add the essence of peppermint; stir for a few moments, and let it stand until cold, when it will be ready for use. 2. Has been given.

Miscellaneous.

D. H. S., Canboro, Mich.: Swedenborgian churches were first formed in America in 1794, by the Rev. William Hill, from England.

W. C. M., Alpine, N. C.: The first manufactory of muskets in the United States was established at Springfield, Mass., in 1795.

W. E. S., Eastwood, Ky.: May 13, 1861, England recognized the so-called Southern Confederacy as belligerants. She never recognized the Confederacy as a nation.

R. D. F., Addison, Ill.: Noah Webster began his lexicographical work on the English language in 1783. His spelling book was issued for the first time the year after.

A. H. N., Chester Springs, Pa.: A law forbidding theatrical exhibitions was passed by Pennsylvania in 1786. Massachusetts had just before re-enacted her old law to the same effect.

Reader, St. Croix Falls, Wis.:

Are all soldiers' widows pensioned?

No; many never apply for a pension. At the death of a soldier drawing a pension his widow will continue to draw it.

A correspondent writes that the word "Mispah" was a favorite motto for embroidery on book marks, years ago, the meaning being, "The Lord be between me and thee when we are absent from one another."

Dolly, Free Hill, Tenn.: Chester A. Arthur was born in Franklin county, Vt., October 5, 1830. His father was an Irishman, and a minister of the Baptist denomination. Chester graduated at Union college, in 1849.

J. A. J., Reserve, Kan.:

Which way does the needle of the compass point south of the equator?

The compass needle preserves the same direction either north or south of the equator.

A. B., Toledo, O.:

Are the sparrows on our streets native to America, or imported?

They were first imported from Europe to New York about 1862, and soon scattered all over the country.

C. C. V., Malfese, Fla.: Gen. Francis Marion died near Eutaw, S. C., February 29, 1795, aged 63 years. He had little education, but an abundant supply of common sense. He married a rich Huguenot lady when he was 50 years old. He died childless.

Sub., Blacknell, Col.: The abolition of slavery was advised in a pastoral letter sent out by the Presbyterian church in New York and Philadelphia in 1787. The Methodist church soon disqualified slave-holders from being communicants, but the law effecting it was soon repealed.

Ex-Soldier, Barren, Ind.: There were 2,261 battles, engagements, etc., fought during the civil war, the greatest number in one year—779—taking place in 1864. In 149 battles the Union loss in killed, wounded and missing exceeded 500 men in each battle.

L. L. H., Ogden, W. Va.:

1. Who was the author of the civil rights bill? 2. Where was Libby prison during the rebellion?

1. It was first introduced by Sen. Sumner, but underwent various amendments. Sen. Luther Hall had charge of it for awhile. 2. Richmond, Va.

Sub., Beechland, Ky.: To clean oil paintings take slightly warm water, into which has been put a small quantity of ammonia and a little white soap, cut fine; dip a flannel cloth in this and wash all dust and spots from the painting. Now wash with a sponge and clean water, dry them gradually, and rub over with a clean cloth. All this must be done with a gentle touch, for oil paintings will not stand "scrubbing."

H. T., Liberty, Center, O.:

Will you tell me how to clean marble tombstones?

Mix quicklime with strong lye, so as to form a mixture having the consistency of cream, and apply it immediately with a brush. If this compound be allowed to remain for a day or two, and be then washed off with soap and water, the marble will appear as though it were new.

Reader, Cherryville, Mo.: The secession ordinances were passed by the states in the following order: South Carolina, December 20, 1860; Florida, January 7, 1861; Mississippi, January 9, 1861; Alabama, January 11, 1861; Georgia, January 19, 1861; Louisiana, January 26, 1861; Texas, February 7, 1861; Virginia, April 17, 1861; Arkansas, May 6, 1861; Tennessee, May 6, 1861; North Carolina, May 20, 1861.

W. R. D., Bonaparte, Ia.:

Please give me the substance of a communication given to the public emanating from the United States consul at London, Eng., relative to estates in the Chancery court, or money in the bank of England, awaiting claimants, and the heirs of which are in the country.

Cannot find it. Think it was published in the BLADE at the time, but do not remember the date.

D. J. M., Hinton, Ia.: It is believed that James H. Marr, the first assistant clerk of the postmaster general, has been longer engaged in any other living employe in the department service of the government. He entered the service, as a postal clerk in Washington, in 1831. He celebrated his 50th birthday and the 55th anniversary of his entrance upon departmental duties last week.

F. C. G., Oak Ridge, Minn.:

Give result of the census taken in 1885 in Minnesota, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Dakota, and New Mexico.

Minnesota, 1,117,798, against 780,773 in 1880; Nebraska, 740,645, against 452,402 in 1880; Wisconsin, 1,563,423, against 1,315,497 in 1880; Dakota, 415,263, against 135,177 in 1880; New Mexico, 131,985, against 119,565 in 1880.

Sarah, Acton, Tex.: Names and devices can be easily etched upon knife blades and other steel surfaces, as follows: Cover the part to be etched with a thin coating of beeswax or paraffine on the surface. With a sharp needle point write through the wax to the steel. Paint over with a mixture of nitric and muriatic acid in the proportion of six to one respectively, and when bubbles cease to rise the work is done. Wash in strong soda water.

D. G. S., Aurora, W. Va.: The President is allowed a salary of $50,000 a year, payable monthly, and "the use of the furniture and other property belonging to the United States and kept at the Executive Mansion." He is also authorized to employ in his official household a private secretary, an assistant secretary, two executive clerks, a steward and a messenger, whose salaries are paid by the government. The "living expenses" of the President are paid from his own pocket.

J. S. N., Cheyene, Kan.: The original flag of England was the banner of St. George, white, with a red cross, which, April 12, 1606, was incorporated with the banner of Scotland, blue, with a white diagonal cross. This combination obtained the name of Union Jack. The allusion to the union with Scotland, and the word Jack may be considered a corruption of the word Jacques, or James. This arrangement continued until the union with Ireland, January 1, 1801, when the banner of St. Patrick, white, with a diagonal red cross, was thus amalgamated with it, and forms the present union flag.

G. S. W., Cramer, Ill.: Postmasters appointed by the President are forbidden to hold any other office, whether salaried or not, under State, territorial or municipal government, "except the offices of justice of the peace, of notary public and of commissioners to take the acknowledgment of deeds, or bail, or to administer oaths." Postmasters of the third class are also permitted to hold any other office to which they may be appointed or elected, "provided the same be found not to interfere with the discharge of their duties as postmasters."

S. G., Hissop, Ala.: Classic is a term derived from the Latin word *classici*, the name given to the first, or highest class of Roman citizens. Hence it came to be applied figuratively to writers of the highest rank, and this is the sense in which it is commonly used in the present day. The highest and purest class of writers in any language are termed the classics; but, in a more limited sense, the name is given to the best writers of ancient Greece and Rome. In another sense, and as opposed to modern, it is applied to the productions of ancient Greece and Rome.

E. A. K., Cardington, O.:

1. Was there a general in the Union army by the name of Lowell? If so, please give a sketch of his life. 2. Who is the governor of Ohio State Senate? 3. Who is Bob Burdette?

1. There was a brigadier general named Robert Cowdin, appointed from Massachusetts, September 26, 1862, appointment expired March 4, 1865. 2. and 3. We can find nothing concerning him. 2. Charles Vallandigham, son of C. L. Vallandigham. 3. Formerly editor of the Burlington (Ia.) *Hawkeye*, now a resident of Mahtomedi, Minn., and a regular contributor to the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

C. M. G., Earling, Ia.:

1. How is the ostrich hatched? 2. How do they capture ostriches?

1. The African ostrich frequents the burning sands of the Sahara in large flocks. The female lays from ten to twelve eggs, several times a year, in a hole in the sand, and broods over them only in the night, leaving them to be acted on by the sun during the hottest part of the day. 2. The Arabians and Moors have two methods. In the one case, one of the hunting party pursues the bird, which always runs in a circuitous direction, as long as possible, and then the chase is taken up by another, on a fresh horse, and so on until the bird is run down. The other method is for a hunter to cover himself with an ostrich-skin, and thus be enabled to approach the flock sufficiently near to surprise it.

F. A. B., Yarmouth, Ia.:

How is Congress numbered, from what date? For instance, we often read of the Thirty-fifth Congress and Forty-sixth Congress.

From 1789. To determine the year covered by a given Congress, double the number of the Congress, and add the product to 1789; the result will be the year in which the Congress closed. To fix the number of a Congress sitting in any given year, subtract 1789 from the year; if the result is an even number, half that number will give the Congress, of which the year in question will be the closing year. If the result is an odd number, add one to it, and half the result will give the Congress, of which the year in question will be the first year. The first session of the first Congress under the constitution was held March 4, 1789.

C. E. I., Collins, Ind.:

1. Please locate and describe the Wasatch mountains. 2. What is the highest temperture and pulse of the human body?

1. A long range which forms the eastern boundary of the Great Basin, extending from the northern border of Utah southward through the middle of the territory nearly to the Colorado river. The highest peaks are about 10,000 feet high, and the sides of which deep and picturesque canons occur. The basis-rocks of this range are a series of alternating layers of quartzose, mica, and hornblendic schists. Above these rests, in the following order, beds of compact limestone probably of Silurian age), a group of clays, shales, quartzites, etc., and a great thickness of limestones containing many organic remains of the carboniferous age. Silver is found in these mountains. The Pacific railroad crosses it near Ogden. 2. In acute diseases the pulse may reach 150 or even 200 beats per minute. The pulse of the healthy adult female exceeds in frequency that of the male of the same age by from 10 to 14 beats in the minute.

Col. Folsom's Will.

BUFFALO, June 9.—At Folsomdale, Monday, the will of Col. John E. Folsom was opened. The estate is worth about $400,000. Col. Folsom's will provides for the payment of all debts. The second and third clauses make minor bequests. The fourth provision gives all the residue of the estate to his daughters-in-law and grand-children: Mrs. Alice R. Folsom, widow of Benjamin; Mrs. Emma C. Folsom, widow of Oscar; Frances C. Folsom, Emma A., William R., Benjamin F. and Alice S., children of Benj. F. Folsom; Mary Augusta Martin, daughter of Dr. W. N. Martin, to be divided share and share alike. Mrs. Alice Folsom is given the use, occupation and income of the farm and house until her children are 21. The executors named in the will are Benjamin Folsom, of Buffalo, and Mrs. Alice Folsom. The will was executed November 8, 1883.

—Solicitor of Patents, F. O. McCleary, of Washington, D. C., says the only thing that did him any good, when suffering with a severe cough of several weeks standing, was Red Star Cough Cure, which is purely vegetable and free from opiates and poison.

Catarrh

Is frequently an indication of a Scrofulous taint in the system. Ayer's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and thus restores health to the affected membranes. It also stops the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and prevents the infection from reaching the lungs and stomach. Catarrh should be treated as a blood disease.

I suffered for years from chronic Catarrh. My appetite was very poor, and I felt miserably. None of the remedies I took afforded me any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which I have now taken five bottles. The catarrh has disappeared, and I am growing strong and stout; my appetite has returned, and my health is fully restored.—Susan L. W. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

DISCOUNTS NEW YORK.

The Chicago "Boodle Gang" — One Hundred and Twenty-Seven Thousand Dollars Distributed Among Aldermen. "Where It Would Do the Most Good."

CHICAGO, June 9.—The *Times*, referring to the passage of the ordinance allowing the North Chicago city railway to change its lines to the cable system, says: "For the sum of $127,000, to be divided among less than twenty of its members, the city council passed an ordinance giving the North Chicago passenger railway company the right to make all needful and convenient curves, trenches, excavations and sewer connections, and to place convenient cables and machinery on any streets upon which its railways are now constructed. This amount, reliable sources state, was paid the aldermen, some of whom have always had their price, and, as one of them put it, while the measure was being discussed pro and con, 'we are earning our money.' The franchise sought for was a valuable one; the aldermen rated themselves high, but their figures were accepted, and the ordinance was passed, and will no doubt be signed by his honor, who, it is alleged, has already announced his intention not to veto it. The aggregate amount of the 'boodle' is larger than any that has ever been offered for a single franchise that the city had the authority or legal right to grant, and while there are at least six of the aldermen who are really glad of it, there are others who are laying themselves open to suspicion by the knowledge that they are 'suckers,' and sold themselves 'cheap.' As near as can be ascertained, the money was put up by men who sympathize with the corporation, and while there is hardly a citizen of Chicago who would not accuse them of complicity in any questionable transaction, it is known positively that a North-side resident handled 'the swag' in a manner highly satisfactory to the producers. Among those who received the money, there were three grades—those who received not less than $8,000 or $10,000 each; those who were given a few thousand less, and those who were glad to take about $1,500 each, and were highly delighted to receive that much, having been elected as reformers, and never having seen that much money in a lump before.

"A peculiar feature of the deal is that several votes for the measure were perfectly honest, and on its merits, and the price has been paid only where aldermen have promised not only to pass the cable ordinance, but also to give the LaSalle street tunnel to the company, and if this agreement is carried out, the 'producers' will have good reason to be grateful. The money was distributed by people who have seldom figured otherwise than as tax-payers who wanted to 'see' the aldermen, and though they are good church members and 'reformers,' the franchise sought for was so tempting that $127,000 seemed a small sum to expend for it."

SOMETHING ABOUT YERKES.

The *Daily News* prints a long special from Philadelphia respecting the career of Charles T. Yerkes, jr., president of the North Chicago railway company, which has just received such a munificent grant from the city council. The article shows that Yerkes was indicted in the court of Oyer and Terminer at Philadelphia, together with Joseph F. Mercer, treasurer of that city, for embezzlement of city funds to the amount of $478,000. It appeared that all the city moneys were turned over by the city treasurer to Yerkes for investment, and were lost.

The specific charge against Yerkes was the larceny of a check for $33,048.50, which amount of money it is charged he obtained from the city treasury, October 14, 1871, and declared himself a bankrupt. October 16, 1871, Yerkes was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years and six months. Mercer was sentenced for four years and nine months. Both were pardoned at the expiration of seven months, according to the special for political reasons and to prevent disclosures of a damaging character against other public officials then in office.

The publication has occasioned a great sensation here, in connection with the allegations in the *Times* as to the supposed bribery in connection with the street railway ordinance.

GIGANTIC CONSPIRACY

To Rob the Banks and Business Houses of East St. Louis.

EAST ST. LOUIS, June 9.—The city council, at a special session last night, discharged the entire police force on the charge of conspiracy to rob the banks and business houses of the city. Eighteen months ago the city treasury was robbed of $8,000, and a lieutenant of police, Tom Duffy, is now serving a sentence in Chester for the crime. He made a confession recently, the result of which was the trial of two other city officials for implication in the offense. The jury disagreed. Sheriff Ropiquet, of St. Clair county, recently arrested a burglar, who, after a short confinement, gave details of a gigantic conspiracy to plunder East St. Louis. His story was substantially that he and two other cracksmen, all experts in their line, had been invited to come to East St. Louis to operate. The invitation came from certain members of the police force. Accordingly, he and his pals came and had several interviews with the police, the result of which was the formation of plans to rob the East St. Louis bank, the Workings bank, and a half-dozen of the leading business houses.

A man named Jake Britton, employed at the Little rolling mill, was alleged to be in the conspiracy, and had charge of the tools. Both banks were to be plundered the same night, and by prearrangement the police were to be out of the way. The safe-breakers were to be under the impression they were to have half, and help the burglars get off with the booty. Upon the strength of this Britton was at once arrested and is now in the Belleville jail.

The matter was called to the attention of Mayor Jovce, and the facts and circumstances pointed so strongly against the force that he called a special session of the council. The matter was partially examined in the council chamber, and a resolution was adopted discharging the entire force of fourteen men, Chief Holleran alone being retained.

It is alleged that the majority of the policemen had a guilty knowledge of the conspiracy, and that they would be proceeded against. Detectives are now working on the case, and it is hinted that further developments of a remarkable nature will soon be made public.

WHO IS CHARLES HUNTER?

He Offers a Deputy Sheriff $10,000 to Secure the Escape of Brooks.

ST. LOUIS, June 9.—The following letter was received by Deputy Sheriff Coakley yesterday. It was mailed at the Union depot, and was written in a bold hand on a half sheet of yellow paper, which had been torn from a book:

DEAR SIR:—I notice you have charge of Mr. Brooks, and as I am a friend of his, sent by his family and friends to save him at any risk, I would like to secure your assistance. I have unlimited means at my disposal, and if it takes $10,000 I am determined to arrange for his escape. It can be easily effected when you lead him through the crowd at the time he is brought up to be sentenced. I have watched you and after day seen you marching him from the jail to the court room, and can arrange how the escape is to be managed when I meet you. If you are willing to go into the scheme and make a few dollars, I will deposit the amount of your price in the hands of any secret and responsible person. I know you by sight. No person knows me or suspects my mission. Meet me at Peckington's, Seventh and Pine streets, Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. I will speak to you and tell you my plans. Act the man; save my friend, and make enough to secure your independence for life. Yours, etc.,

CHARLES HUNTER.

The Fenshaw-Fairfield yearlings, owned by Capt. James Franklin, Charles Reed and Mr. Cheatem, of Gallatin, Tenn., were sold in New York at auction. The proceeds were $39,325.

PARISIAN NOBLEMEN

As Circus Performers in the Interest of Charity—A Rare Performance.

PARIS, June 9.—The Duchesse d'Uzes' grand charity amateur circus performance came off yesterday at the Nouveau Cirque with splendid eclat. No circus in the world ever contained a more aristocratic or more fashionably dressed audience than that which assembled last night to witness the athletic representatives of the French noblesse disporting themselves in silk tights on barebacked horses, parallel bars and in mid-air.

The house was resplendent with fairy like toilets, delicious hats, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, sparkling eyes, radiant hair and smiling faces. The prevailing colors of the dresses were pale blue, cream, lilac, white and lavender. Here and there the scarlet coats of the stewards, in hunting ball costume, gleamed forth like poppies in a field of ripe wheat. In the boxes and fauteuils were their royal highnesses Prince Henry D'Orleans, the Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duchesse d'Uzes, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, the Duchesse de Maille, the Duchesse de Richelieu, the Princesse de Sagan, the Duchesse D'Albufera, the Marquiz de Galliffet, the Comtesse de Montesquiou, the Baronne Solomon de Rothschild, the Comtesse de Pourtales, the Comtesse de Potocka, and all the *grandes mondaines* of Parisian society.

The programmes, which were elaborate works of art, were designed by Jacquet, the great portrait painter.

The performances began by M. Molier dashing into the ring on a thoroughbred chestnut and executing with precision, to the accompaniment of the full band of the Isigane musicians, all the *tours de force* of the *haute 'ecole*. Afterward three young noblemen on English hunters bounded into the ring, each striving to snatch a rose from the others' shoulder.

M. Molier, who is perhaps the best circus rider in the world, then swept gracefully into the arena, standing erect, in full evening dress, pearl stud and silk hat, on three bare backs of three white Norman stallions. Mdlle. Viola, the charming danseuse of the opera, in full ballet costume, jumped from an *estrade* upon M. Molier's shoulders, amid thunders of applause. The voluptuous but beautiful danseuse then capered about in the company with M. Molier on the back of the Norman stallions, going at full gallop. With gazelle-like bound she stood erect on M. Molier's thigh and achieved the plastic poses for which she is famous on the stage, and in the twinkling of an eye she was down again on the white backs of the stallions, executing a *pas seul* with the same confidence as if on the solid boards of the opera. Bravos and cheers arose from all sides, and M. Molier, the danseuse and the three stallions disappeared from the ring amid showers of thousands of tea rose-buds.

The Comte de la Rochefoucauld and M. de Arquain Villier then executed brilliant and perilous acrobatic feats.

The trapeze clowns of noble lineage then appeared, and were succeeded by other noblemen, who fenced on thoroughbred horses with great eclat.

The final feature of the performance proved a tremendous success. The entire floor of the ring disappeared and was replaced by a minature lake fifteen feet deep. In the middle of this lake was placed a small India rubber island. On the island two young noblemen, whose ancestors were officers of the French royal guards at Fontenoy, engaged in Japanese wrestling, and flung one another into the water. Other gentlemen in lavender and white tights turned somersaults from a springboard over the vast expanse of water—many of these during gentlemen splashing head first into the water. Other amateur clowns, dressed as cocottes, were tossed by amateur policemen into the water amid peals of laughter. The 60 stewards who ushered the audience to their seats all wore scarlet dress coats, and the amateur ring attendants were clad in gorgeous scarlet tunics with blue facings, buskins and top boots. This amateur performance certainly surpassed any professional one. The riding was better, the horses were better, the gymnastics better, and the clown business was reduced to that happy point where it could amuse without boring.

THE WESTERN UNION.

The Quarterly Report of the Great Telegraph Company.

NEW YORK, June 9.—The quarterly report of the Western Union Telegraph company was issued to-day. It says: The net revenues of the quarter ending June 30, based upon nearly completed returns for April, partial returns for May and estimating the business for June, will be about $1,000,000, which amount has been applied as follows: $578,460 for interest on bonded debt, $123,615, sinking funds, $20,000, leaves a balance of $4,165,953.43.

The falling off from the estimate in the net results of last quarter is due principally to the judgments against the Western Union and gold and stock companies, amounting, with interest and costs, to $193,933, for taxes levied by the State of New York for 1881, on the entire capital stock represented by property in 38 states, 10 territories, the Dominion of Canada, Great Britain, the Island of Cuba and the high seas. These taxes were paid a few days before the last estimate was made, in the confident belief that if paid we would be able to obtain an act for their refund. They were not, therefore, taken into the estimate. As no other corporation of any magnitude was so taxed except a single railroad corporation, which has had the tax on capital stock represented by property without the state refunded, and as the officials of the state and the legislature have recognized the injustice of the act by having it amended applying to 1882-83-84, and thereafter, it cannot be doubted that justice will finally be awarded and this unfortunate situation remedied.

The revenue from current business and news service continues to show a handsome improvement. The increase at test offices since January 1 is $110,000 in excess of the corresponding five months of the previous year, or an average of about $5,000 per week, but this increase is more than counterbalanced by reduced revenues from the cable and commercial news service. The low rates of tolls prevailing between commercial centers requires the handling of a largely increased volume of business to maintain the same revenues, involving increased force to handle this class of business, much of which is done without profit. The entire surplus, together with the sum represented by the last dividend in certificates of indebtedness, has gone into the plant, and is represented by new property, and may legally and properly be represented by capitalization either in stock or bonds, and given to the stockholders; and under all the circumstances at the present time it is recommended that no dividend be declared.

THE PRINTERS' CONVENTION.

Action Taken Regarding the Gift of $10,000—A Letter from Powderly, Etc.

PITTSBURG, June 10.—The greater portion of this morning's session of the International Typographical union was taken up in discussing the ques ion of reducing the working hours to nine hours a day. It was finally decided to allow subordinate lodges to vote on the matter between February and April, 1887.

A letter from Grand Master Workman Powderly, asking that Isaac Cline, president of the window glass workers' association, be permitted to address the convention on the advantages to be derived from amalgamation with the Knights of Labor, was read, and it was decided to allow Mr. Cline 20 minutes this afternoon, prior to the executive session called for the purpose of discussing the question of amalgamation.

The report of the committee on strikes presented a report just before the adjournment for dinner. The committee amended the laws so that all strikes shall be investigated and arbitrated by an executive council, composed of the president, chief organizer and vice president or state deputy. It also recommends that a member-ship of the strike fund be made compulsory.

The committee appointed to devise a plan whereby the magnificent gift of Messrs. Childs and Drexel could be put to the best possible use will recommend that the $10,000 remain at interest for the space of five years. On the next birthday of George W. Childs it is proposed that every union printer working in union offices east of the Mississippi river shall set up 1,000 ems, the proceeds of which shall go into the fund. Next, when the birthday of Anthony Drexel dawns, every union printer west of the Mississippi river shall in like manner contribute the pay of 1,000 ems to the fund. Thus for five years it is proposed to thus commemorate the birthdays of these generous givers. At the end of that period it is expected that quite a handsome sum—something not far short of $50,000—will have been raised. With this it

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NOW FOR IT—A GOOD WATCH FOR AN HOUR'S WORK.

We have determined to make this offer to meet the views of a large number of people who want a good, reliable watch.

Read and consider!

The regular price of the WEEKLY BLADE for Three months is Thirty cents. We want some thousands of new three months' subscribers, and we make to our readers who have an hour to spare, the following offer:

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THERE was no great stride in any department of trade last week, but an improvement all along the line. It is this steady, slow, yet sure forging ahead with dogged persistency which is a most significant feature of the business situation. It shows a strength and confidence which would have put the country a long way on the road to better times, had not so many things occurred the past spring to check the advance.

BUSINESS failures in the United States and Canada for the last seven days numbered 200, as compared with 187 last week and 181 the week previous.

CROPS so far are faring well, except the Northwestern spring wheat, the winter wheat of Kansas and Missouri, and the grass crop of many sections. The harvest is being gathered in the southern half of of the wheat belt, and by Saturday the harvest line will be north of the Ohio in Southwest Illinois. The cotton condition has improved materially in the southwestern and northern belts, though the average condition is somewhat short of the June average.

RAINS have fallen in abundance and in a large number of localities within the past two or three days, but the intensely hot weather is producing drouth indications in all parts of the West outside of these areas. The June heats have come early this year and excessive in degree. The present summer resembles that of 1881 in a great many particulars, but it is to be hoped that the long drouth of July, August and September of that year will not be duplicated.

WASHINGTON gossip asserts that when Sec. MANNING retires from the Cabinet, on October 1, LAMAR and GARLAND will follow suit.

THE point on which the Bourbons of the House of Representatives are making their fight upon the Civil Service commission, is this: Under the regulations of the commission, the names of the four applicants securing the highest rank at competitive examinations are submitted, and from this number the appointing power makes his selections. The Democrats of the House, under Mr. RANDALL'S lead, are about to refuse to appropriate a dollar for the maintenance of the commission, unless the regulations are changed so that *all* candidates who pass above the required percentage may be sent to the official who makes the appointments. The avowed object is to increase the chances of selecting Democrats for office. The average Democratic spoilsman, if he passes at all, stands way down at the foot of the class.

IN the House of Representatives Wednesday, during the civil service debate, BEN BUTTERWORTH kept the Bourbons on the rack for an hour, showing them what they had promised to do in upholding the civil service, and then measuring their promises by their practice. There were many grimaces on the Democratic side as he kept reading from the President's various expressions on the subject. They frequently interrupted, but Butterworth was at his best and his retorts silenced a score of interruptions.

SIX months of the Congressional session gone, and the appropriation bills not all ready yet! These bills should all be prepared and before the House within the first six or eight weeks of the session, that they may receive proper consideration by that body. But the Bourbons have not an idea above the offices. They will fight over them as long as one is left, and public business may go further.

ANOTHER bill to stop the iniquitous importation of degraded foreign labor under contract has been introduced in the House of Representatives. Rep. O'NEILL, of Missouri, is its author. It is in the form of an amendment to the act already in force, and empowers the secretary of the Treasury to enter into contracts with State Emigration commissioners, delegating to them the right to examine into the condition of passengers arriving in any ship or vessel by personal inspection of the vessel. They are required to report to the collector of the port when any person is found to be included in the prohibition of the act, and such person shall not be permitted to land, but shall be returned to the nation whence he came at the expense of the owners of the vessel in which he came. The bill was referred to the committee on Labor.

COL. RICHARD M. HOE, the inventor of the famous Hoe presses, which rendered large circulations and cheap dailies a possibility, died suddenly at Florence, Italy, on June 8.

THE Prohibition law goes into effect at Atlanta, Georgia, on July 1, after which date the sale of spirituous, vinous and malt liquors, as well as of all kinds of patent bitters will be illegal.

IT is believed that the United States Senate will order an investigation into the alleged bribery in connection with PAYNE'S election.

IT is said that HENRY WARD BEECHER'S health is in a somewhat precarious state. He feels himself in danger of sudden death from apoplexy, and finding it impossible for him to continue his regular ministrations through the summer up to his usual time for taking a vacation, the board of deacons of Plymouth church have unanimously voted Mr. BEECHER leave of absence so that he can take a European trip, which he has had for some time in contemplation.

THERE has been considerable rejoicing in the Democratic camp over the Oregon election, which later returns show to have been rather "previous." We are glad our Bourbon brethren had their laugh promptly, for had they waited a few days they would have found no occasion for hilarity. The latest returns show that, of the seven candidates before the people, the Republicans elected at least four, including their candidate for Congress. They would also have elected their candidate for governor had it not been for the third-party Prohibitionists, who made the fight upon the head of the ticket, and as usual elected a determined opponent of Prohibition in the person of the Democratic candidate.

A MOVEMENT has been started by the former comrades of Gen. LOVELL H. ROUSSEAU, to erect a suitable monument over his grave in Cave Hill cemetery, Louisville, which is unmarked save by a small stone. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has started the fund for this proper recognition of the soldier's last resting-place with a subscription of $50.

SOME reports in the last issue of *Bradstreet's* from correspondents all over the country cause that journal to assert that the eight hour movement is a virtual failure. Of 200,000 persons who received a concession of shorter hours with unabridged pay a month or six weeks ago, less than 140,000 now retain the advantage, and five-sixths of these are in the three cities of Chicago, Cincinnati and New York.

THERE is a movement in Louisiana to remove the capital of the state from Baton Rouge to New Orleans. The legislature is believed to be favorable to the scheme should it be carried out the state will have to expend from $250,000 to $500,000 for a new state-house.

THE Ohio Liquor-dealers' association has sent out from its Cleveland headquarters a circular to all the saloonists in the state, which it was decided to issue by the conference held by the liquor men at Columbus a few days. This document recites the organization of a state association to contest the legality of the Dow law, and to evade the payment of the tax, and closes with the following threat to whip saloonists into the ranks:

> Only those who organize and co-operate in this movement will be recognized and protected. Immediate action is necessary. Do not be deluded with the statement that you will receive the benefits of this litigation and agitation without effort on your part to bring about the desired result. If you send contributions toward the forwarding of this cause you will be considered and treated as a member of this organization and will receive the same protection as other members.

THERE is an epidemic of lying among Democratic papers about the Maine Republicans. The nomination of J. R. BODWELL for governor, on the first ballot, by a more than four-fifths vote, gives a quietus to their falsehoods regarding dissensions in the Republican ranks. September will show an old-time Republican majority in the Pine-tree State, and the slogan for November will be, "As goes Maine, so goes the Union."

THE news from the old world for the week past is full of menace for the near future. First, affairs in Great Britain are in anything but a satisfactory condition. The rejection of the Home Rule bill has thrown the whole country into a state of unprecedented excitement. An unfortunate feature of this crisis in British politics is the intense personal bitterness that has arisen between the leaders and active partisans of the different parties. Particularly is this shown toward Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who has now placed himself in a position by his recent manifesto which will preclude any further concert of action between himself and Mr. GLADSTONE, in that he endeavors to show the latter's inconsistency, and that he had declared a course of action at one time entirely inadmissible and later on had taken that course as the best for the country.

THE defeat of Home Rule in the Commons does not kill the movement. Like all great reforms—Prohibition, for instance—it requires time to break down prejudice, to convince the inattentive, and to build up a strong and enduring sentiment for Right. It merely postpones its realization. Ireland will have justice done her at last, after centuries of misrule and oppression.

THE writs for the new election will be out by June 24, and Mr. GLADSTONE stands pledged to convoke the new Parliament in August, whatever way the majority may appear to be. His manifesto to the electors of Midlothian to whom he appeals for support is a clear, crisp statement of the Irish question and of the interests involved, and cannot help having a strong influence in his favor. Meanwhile his spirits and strength are something marvelous. He works as if he were yet a man in middle age, and it is evident that he is determined to make the securing of Home Rule for Ireland the crowning act of his political career. During the past year he has accomplished what at its beginning seemed impossible. Then hardly any politician favored such a bill. Now a change of sixteen votes would have carried it through. He has made Home Rule sooner or later an absolute certainty.

THE rioting at Belfast has been of the most savage character, women and young girls being active in the mob. Thirteen hundred policemen and a large force of soldiers are on duty. Sligo is also the scene of serious riots, which are said to be originated by the Catholics, who were angry because the walls surrounding the bishop's palace were destroyed. Sixteen rioters have been arrested.

KING LUDWIG of Bavaria, the crazy king, who has recently been deposed, committed suicide soon after his arrival at Berg Castle. Going out for a walk on the grounds, accompanied by his physician, he suddenly threw himself into Starnberg lake. His physician jumped in after him, and both were drowned. He is succeeded by his brother OTTO, who is three years younger. The latter is mentally incapable of government, so that the regency will remain in the hands of Prince LUITPOLD, his uncle, to whom the army has taken the oath of alegiance. The death of LUDWIG will probably prevent threatened trouble, as the common people were beginning to believe that he was not insane, and that his deposition was illegal.

NOBODY need regret the suicide of the crazy King LUDWIG, of Bavaria, who, tainted from his birth, has led a life of excesses in every direction, and caused an infinite amount of suffering to those in his power. The real cause for sorrow lies in the death of a useful man, his physician, in trying to save the vicious fellow, one whose life was of far greater importance to the Bavarian people and to the world. It is a great pity that it appeared to him to be his duty to jump after the crazy King, who was really doing a good thing in ridding his country of one who had become a brute.

PESTH has recently been the scene of a very serious riot. The city was in the hands of an excited mob for several hours, and several thousand men with the students of the university crowded round Gen. JANSZKY'S house crying, "Down with JANSZKY!" They also hurled brickbats, breaking a number of windows. They then marched through the streets singing the Kossuth anthem, and made for the bridge to Ofen, where the Hentzi monument stands. The mounted police, however, stopped them at this bridge, but some hundreds crossed the Danube by the steamboats, and, accompanied by the Ofen mob, went up the hill to the fortress to destroy the Hentzi monument. They found it, however, well guarded by police, and after casting rotten eggs at it they went to the cemetery and tore to pieces the garlands on the officers' graves.

THE GENTLE BOOK AGENT.

Its Courteous Manners in Either the Male or Female Shape.

The book agent is something that will live in history forever, even if the world should become so blessed as to be rid of it in fact. It has sent more people to an early grave, perhaps, than liquor, and its field of operations is broader. Liquor generally attacks only the male part of creation, but the book agent, like that twin nuisance, the sewing-machine agent, goes to the homes of men, and here the wives become the victims of his annoyances. Of late years this scourge upon housewives has taken a worse form—that of female book agents. The lady of the house, so kind and sympathetic toward one of her own sex who is striving to get along in the wicked world by selling books, is the special prey of the female book agent. A case of the latter type, which occurred down-town the other day, affords a nice example of the general character of the book agent.

The first symptom of the case was the lady book agent, with a pleasant face and a manner that showed how awfully hard it was for such a lady to get down to that "business gab" which only book agents and their like know. She had a new and wonderful work, "Our Living World," just the thing for the lady's little boy. The lady didn't want it and neither did the little boy, for it contained words and terms in Latin and Greek for all the animated details of creation, from mastodons down to animalulæ. But the gentle book agent stuck and stuck and stuck to that housewife, who could not bear tell her to leave, until she took some parts of the work, and then at the earnest request of the fair agent she allowed the latter to just put her name down in her little note-book. The angelic agent then left and just knew that the book would cause such delight in the family that the lady would be glad to buy the remaining parts.

Then came the second phase of the plague. The next day or two a "deliverer" came. He had the other parts of the book which "the lady of the house had ordered." The lady said that she had not ordered them and did not want them. He left only after making boisterous threats of "legal trouble," and then not until he saw some of the male members of the household approaching, and had time to say that "she would hear from the firm about her contracts."

In the next mail the lady was the alarmed recipient of the following by postal card:

> "We received an order signed by you for the work, 'Our Living World.' You received and paid for some parts, ratifying your order thereby. We printed the books for you and paid a commission on your order, consequently cannot release you from your contract. It is only a trifle to you every two weeks, and I hope you will reconsider your decision and take the next parts when the deliverer calls again, in preference to putting yourself and me to legal trouble and expense.'

Most people would never pay any attention to the matter further, but the husband of the lady wrote the following reply:

> "When your deliverer calls again, he may expect to leave much sooner than he did the last time. My wife paid for what she received and told your agent that she didn't want the remaining parts of the work, and you and your agent know this. I only wish you and your agent knew half as well what infernal nuisances you are. The frauds by which your agents get well-meaning persons to sign their names in a book, which they do to get relief from their impudent importunities, the cowardice which your deliverers display in threatening timid ladies with trouble if they do not comply with some alleged contract, and your attempt to do the same by *bluffing* and dunning on United States postal cards, are equally mean practices, which no respectable man or woman in business or society can indulge in if they have any reputation to lose.
>
> "In conclusion, let me admonish you about the use of the United States postal card. You had better read up the statutes on the subject. I will hand your postal card over to the United States commissioners, and you may have an opportunity to get constitutional light on the subject from Judge McKennan or Judge Butler. In the meantime, if your deliverer has any regard for his physical well being, let him stay away from ——— street."

It is hardly necessary to add that the deliverer has not called since.

STORY OF HUNGARIAN JUSTICE.

Odd Tales from the East Gathered by United States Minister Cox.

I related a story of a Hungarian justice, doubtless of Oriental origin, says the Hon. S. S. Cox in the New York *Sun*, describing a conversation in Turkey. In the interior of that country a Turkish agent was sent to buy cavalry horses to recruit for the then probable war with Bulgaria and Greece. While there the agent desired that the proprietor of a village with whom he was contracting should show him a specimen of the Hungarian mode of proceeding.

"Wait a few moments," said the proprietor, who was also a magistrate, "and I will see who is in the town jail."

Calling his constable, he was informed by that officer that a goose thief had been apprehended during the night, and was in confinement. He sent for the criminal.

"Are there any witnesses?" asked the judge.

"Two," was the answer—"the man who owned the goose and a man who saw the theft."

After hearing the evidence the judge, in his fierce and harsh Hungarian (Finnish-Tartaric) called up the culprit and said: "You have been found guilty and I fine you ten kreutzers and ten days' imprisonment for stealing the goose!"

Thereupon he summoned the owner of the bird and said: "I fine you ten kreutzers and ten days' imprisonment for allowing your goose to be stolen!"

To the witness he said: "Sirrah! I fine you ten kreutzers and ten days' imprisonment for not minding your own business!"

Hilma Effendi then remarked that almost odd a case recently came before one of the courts of Stamboul. The plaintiff came to the judge to have a note sued. It was or 1,500 piasters, and due three years ence. The judge ordered the suit, but condemned the creditor to confinement for ree years. "For," said his honor, "how do know where you will be three years ence, so as to pay you over your piasters, less I hold you?"

Tired, Languid, Dull.

Exactly expresses the condition of thousands of people at this season. The depressing effects of warm weather, and the weak condition of the body, can only be corrected by the use of a reliable tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Why suffer longer when a remedy is so near at hand? Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It will give you untold wealth in health, strength and energy.

The Language of the Train.

To sit on the seat and put your feet on the other signifies, "I am not accustomed to upholstered furniture at home." To occupy four seats on one ticket means, "I am a hog." To lean half-way out of the window in order to see the country means, "There are no glazed windows in my house." To turn a seat and ride backward, staring the whole car in the face, means, "I may not be pretty, but I think I am." To expectorate on the car floor means, "I have no carpet at home." To say of the station that you cannot see the town for the houses," signifies, "I have never been anywhere before." To drink all the water in the tank and go to sleep at 8 o'clock in the morning means, "I was out with the boys last night." To be bounced off the train signifies, "I am dead broke." To chase your children away from your own seat to be entertained by the other passengers signifies, "I cannot afford to keep a nurse." To talk so loud the whole car can hear what you signifies, "I tell all I know." To bore a reluctant stranger with your conversation signifies that you ought to be taken out and shot. To eat your dinner with both hands means that you would eat like a gentleman if the railway company gave you time. To whistle in the car signifies that you have no ear for music. To drum on the window with your fingers show that you do not know how to drum. To walk through the car with a lighted cigar in your mouth means, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

THE friends of Prohibition in Georgia have appealed to the Prohibitionists in the North to aid them in enforcing the local option law wherever adopted in that state, especially in Atlanta and other cities. The appeal should not be unheeded. The strict enforcement of the law deprives the Rum Power of its strongest argument against prohibitory legislation—that "Prohibition don't prohibit."

THE English scientific commission appointed to inquire into M. PASTEUR'S process have completed an elaborate investigation and are preparing a report which will affirm the efficiency of his method as a cure of hydrophobia, ranking it among the chief scientific discoveries of the century.

WE ask every reader who desires to know something about Rum, and especially every workingman, to read Dr. TALMAGE'S sermon in this issue of the BLADE.

LAND FORFEITURE LEGISLATION.

The matter of the forfeiture by law of land grants in the West, which is before this Congress, as it has been before the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth, is one of great importance. Our law-makers are gradually coming to realize a fact which has been apparent to the people for many years—that the country has squandered a large portion of the public domain, and that the management of our land system has been so loose that enormous areas have passed into the hands of monopolies, and are being held for speculation rather than for settlement.

The matter will be made more plain for the reader if the history of land grants to corporations is traced in a general way. The settlement of the Great West—of the entire region on this side of the Alleghanies—proceeded by natural growth from the end of the Revolution until the discovery of gold in California. The energetic sons of the East turned their faces to the setting sun, crossed the mountains, and laid the foundations of new homes in the wilderness. The necessities of trade and travel led to the construction of wagon roads, then of canals, and finally of railroads. These quickened the tide of immigration, and the sparsely-settled communities speedily filled up, and the tide of civilization and settlement rolled farther West—first following the navigable streams, which furnished a ready-made highway for the infant commerce of the incipient states. Railways did not follow until there was sufficient population to give them the needful amount of traffic to render it a likelihood that they would be paying investments.

The war with Mexico added a vast area on the Pacific coast to our national domain. Then in 1849 came the discovery of gold in California. Within a couple of years it was added as a new state to the Union—a state separated from her sister states by a wilderness as wide as the Atlantic—but a wilderness that possessed all the requisites as the seat of powerful commonwealths, save inhabitants. The mighty possibilities of the future were for the first time realized by the people of the nation. Emigration became the craze, and the adventurous and enterprising of the older states "went West." Foreign immigration was quickened, and tens of thousands of Europeans poured into the country every year. This immense army of new settlers spread itself thinly over the vast area of the West, and the crying need of railways in order that the crops could be moved to the Eastern markets was realized.

But there was but little incentive to build railways, as there could not possibly be traffic enough to render the investment needed for the construction of such long lines a paying one. Some inducement was needed to attract capital to put money in these new roads, which evidently would pay but little until the country was more thickly settled. The policy of aid adopted was that of granting to projected Western railways certain portions of the public lands adjoining the routes of the roads. To roads projected within the lines of a state the government would grant the lands to the state, as trustee for the government, to be given by the state to whatever roads it might select. These large parcels of land could be sold by the companies to settlers, and thus meet the expenses of building and running the roads. These land grants have been always given with the condition attached that the roads must be constructed, finished and put into operation before a certain specified time, failing which the grant would be inoperative. No attention, however, was paid to this part of the matter for many years. Grants were made to one road after another in quick succession, and the time had not yet arrived for inquiry as to how the beneficiaries were fulfilling their side of the contract.

Then came the war, and it was seen to be a necessity to have a Pacific railroad—a scheme which had often been talked of, but which was so costly as to deter investors. As a means of preserving the unity of the republic, it was necessary that it should be built, and liberal grants of land were made to induce its construction. The interest of Congress and the people was absorbed in the progress of the war, in the reconstruction of the Union and the settlement of all the difficult questions growing out of the struggle, and it was not until after these had been settled that the country turned to the interest it had in the western land-grant roads.

The question of forfeiture began to be considered by the Forty-seventh Congress, which met for its first regular session in December, 1881. A single incident brought the matter to the attention of Congress. Certain settlers who had established homesteads in Michigan were confronted by the agents of a railway company who claimed their lands under the provisions of an old land grant, the terms of which had never been complied with by the company. The lands had, indeed, belonged to the company at one time by the language of the grant, but the road had not been built and the term of years in which it had been ordered to be built had expired. The decision of the courts was against the settlers, and at last they appealed to Congress and their petition was referred to the House Judiciary committee. It was regarded as a matter of trifling importance, and was referred to a sub-committee, consisting of Mr. PAYSON, of Illinois, and Mr. TAYLOR, of Ohio. The former studied the question thoroughly, not as regards this single case, but in its wide and general application, and though in the 48th and the present Congress, the chairmanship of the Public Lands committee has of course gone to a Democrat, Mr. COBB, of Indiana, Mr. PAYSON, who has been a member of this committee, has been the pioneer in forfeiture legislation, and is to-day its most prominent advocate. His position has been and is that the lands that have lapsed by the non-fulfilment of the terms under which they were granted, are justly forfeited to the government as original owner.

No action in the direction of forfeiture was taken by the Forty-seventh Congress, but much good was accomplished in the way of agitation. Two or three lapsed grants were restored to the government during the Forty-eighth Congress, and there is a prospect of much more extended legislation in this direction by the present body. The House has already passed bills declaring forfeited 30,000,000 acres of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad grant (which has passed the Senate in a similar form); also the grants to the Gulf & Ship Island, Tuscaloosa & Mobile, Mobile & New Orleans, Elyton & Beard's Bluff, Memphis & Charleston, Savannah & Albany and New Orleans & State Line railroads, aggregating 8,000,000 acres. The Senate is expected to concur in this action. The committee proposes to bring forward next the cases of the Southern Pacific, with 8,000,000 acres; the Ontonagon & Brule, 500,000; the Wisconsin Central, 500,000; the Northern Pacific, 30,000,000; the Marquette & Ontonagon, 300,000, and the Mobile & Girard, 500,000.

If all these should be carried through successfully—and success is expected in most, if not all, the cases—there would be a total of nearly 90,000,000 acres of valuable land righteously restored to the public domain for settlement under the Homestead law, and the public would be by so much the better off, while none would suffer except some corporations which are either moribund or else deserve to suffer for deliberate delinquency. The passage by the Senate of a bill prohibiting alien ownership in land, and of one taxing land grants, is another step in the direction of a much-needed reform. The importance of the question is one which can hardly be overestimated, especially in view of the fact that so little of the public domain available for settlement remains.

ENGLAND'S WAY OF PROTECTING HER INDUSTRIES.

The difference in theory between the free traders of the United States and of England is, that those in this country advocate it because, they say, it would be for the benefit of all nations if every one would adopt free trade. The British free traders believe in it because it has been a benefit to England in the past, and they think it will continue to be so. But the United States cannot make markets for her merchants and manufacturers as England does. The British conquer barbarous nations, depose their rulers and annex them to the empire "on which the sun never sets," to create new markets for the sale of English goods. This is the plain truth of the matter, though it is often veiled under the pretense that it is done from a spirit of pure philanthropy, so that heathens and barbarians may be Christianized and civilized. They maintain large armies and powerful fleets to extend their sway over subject races and protect British trade, and claim that this is done to preserve order in these subject provinces and save the poor people from the attacks of their savage neighbors. Ireland is held in a grip of iron, and her industries have been carefully crushed out by legislation; but the British statesmen declare it is through a spirit of pure humanity, to keep the turbulent Irish people from cutting each other's throats, and because the goods formerly made in Ireland can be made much better in England.

And if one takes the trouble to look into the utterances of the English free trade advocates, he will find that a like spirit is at the bottom of the Cobden club propaganda. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, the Birmingham screw maker, has, like all his free trade confreres, a holy horror of protection. It is all wrong in principle and unjust to the working people. It is simply monstrous that Birmingham screws should be prevented by the tariff from being sold at a lower rate in this country than American-made screws, and American workmen's wages reduced thereby to the English standard. But it is perfectly fair and right that the English patent laws should be so framed as to give Mr. CHAMBERLAIN all the benefits of protection, and drive all his competitors out of the market. It is little short of a crime that American manufacturers using screws should be compelled by the tariff on the English article to pay a high price on American screws, but it is strictly fair and reasonable that Englishmen should be forced by the patent laws which give Mr. CHAMBERLAIN a monopoly to pay much higher for their screws than they would if that monopoly did not exist. Anything which hurts English trade is radically wrong, and any state of things which enables any other Englishman to make screws cheaper than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is opposed to the great principles of RICHARD COBDEN, and hurtful to the best interests of the toiling masses.

In England, where they know perfectly well what they are about, they talk loudly about free trade and practice protection whenever it suits their purpose. They spend enormous sums annually in subsidizing lines of steamers for the direct purpose of fostering English trade, and maintain the largest fleet in the world for the same purpose. It would be unutterably bad to defray the expense of this protection to British trade by a tax levied on foreign imports, but it is all right to raise the money by other taxes. There is not a war waged by England in any quarter of the globe that has not for its direct object the protection and development of British trade, and the English flag is the best protection that trade can have.

The countless millions of treasure that have been lavished on these wars have been paid from taxes levied on the people, and the statesmen who levy these taxes for the protection and extension of British commerce tell the world that protection carried out through the medium of taxation is all wrong. The humanitarians who revolt against the idea of a protective tariff have no hesitation in sacrificing the best blood of England and slaughtering semi-civilized races by wholesale to effect the same purpose. British statesmen will not tolerate the idea of an Irish Parliament levying a tariff on British goods, but the same men pay bounties to Scotch fishermen who scour the eastern coast of Ireland and put a Scotch brand on Irish herrings. These are only a few of the instances which expose the hollowness of British free-trade pretensions.

WE are inclined to think that the question of civil service reform will be a prominent issue in the Congressional elections this fall. The Democratic politicians are throwing off the mask and coming out in undisguised hostility to it. Rep. COMPTON, of Maryland, in the House on Wednesday, frankly condemned the law as "undemocratic and unconstitutional." It probably does stand in the way of the average Democratic office-seeker, in that it requires a man to have sufficient education and general knowledge to discharge official duties properly, and this largely cuts our Bourbon brethren out. Mr. RANDALL makes an effective opposition to the execution of the law by failing to insert a provision in the proper appropriation bill for the expenses of the Civil Service commission, which omission he defends on the plea of "economy." The people of the country will have a chance to express their feelings on the matter in the choice of Congressmen. Civil service reform is coming to stay, and the Democratic leaders may hinder, but cannot kill the movement.

SOMEBODY has thought of the fact that the action of the Cabinet and quite a number of other government officials in sending wedding presents to the CLEVELANDS is a violation of law. Section 1784, U. S. Revised Statutes, says:

> Nor shall any such officials or clerical superiors receive any gift or present offered or presented to them as a contribution from persons in government employ, receiving a less salary than themselves; nor shall any officer or clerk make any donation as a gift or present to any official superior. Every person violating this section shall be summarily discharged from government employ.

It is whispered that Mr. CLEVELAND will privately ask that a number of presents from persons to whom he does not wish to be under obligations be withdrawn.

AMONG the most interesting of the reunions of the year among military men will be the meeting of the Third corps at Gettysburg on July 2, the 23d anniversary of the decisive day of that most decisive battle of the war. Gen. SICKLES has consented to deliver an address reviewing the memories of the corps and the magnificent part it played in the battle in question. The governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New Hampshire, Maine, Michigan and Indiana have been invited to be present, and most of them have signified their acceptance of the invitation.

THE commissioner of Pensions replies to numerous queries as to how to obtain the additional pension for soldiers' widows—which was increased from $8 to $12 per month by the law which took effect on March 19—as follows:

> All widows and others on the pension rolls of the various agencies, whose pension has been increased to $12 per month, will receive the amount due them up to the 4th instant, with the checks for regular June payment. This office has issued no new certificates, has entertained no application under said act, and has replied to no correspondence on the subject, for the reason that none of this was necessary, nor will it be necessary that any application shall be made, or any certificates issued for the continuation of this rate of $12, which the pension agent will pay without any action whatever upon the part of the pensioners.

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA.

We note in the newspaper press of both political parties a growing feeling that war might, in certain contingencies, bring a rapid and satisfactory settlement of the fisheries dispute. Our government seems to have adopted a do-nothing policy, and if the Canadian authorities, grown brave over BAYARD'S incapacity, take it into their heads to carry out their bombastic threats to sink or capture our fishing fleet, hostilities might very easily be precipitated. A war with Great Britain would be a calamity to both nations; war is always a calamity. But its result, so far as we are concerned, would manifestly be to settle the fisheries trouble at once and forever by extending the northern boundary of the United States to the Arctic sea, and incorporating the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland as part of our country.

A call for troops by the President would bring into the field every veteran of the great civil war, North and South, who is still able to stand the hardships of campaigning, and these men would form a trained army, of themselves, large enough to invade Canada, capture the Welland canal and the east and west railway lines, and hold them against any force Great Britain could bring against us. The holding of the Welland canal would remove all chance of danger to the great cities on the chain of lakes; but the danger of loss on our part would be from a blockade of our Atlantic ports, and the possible destruction of the seaboard cities by the British navy. This, however, is a game we can play as well as England. Our shipowners have plenty of swift vessels that could be speedily fitted out as privateers, and they would soon sweep the seas of every British merchant vessel. While we could not thus recoup the losses our cities might suffer, we should cause at least as great a loss to the enemy in the destruction of his commerce and the capture of his ships and cargoes. We could inflict incalculable injury upon England, in fact, by destroying utterly her commercial supremacy.

There is another factor that would speedily come to the front in such a war, and that is a movement in Ireland for her independence. We might aid in this as France aided us in the Revolution. If volunteers were called for to go to the aid of an Irish revolutionary government, tens of thousands of Irish-Americans would answer the call with alacrity. With a war at home, her commerce destroyed, and Canada in our hands, a peace would follow on terms at least advantageous to ourselves.

War with England for the conquest of Canada would probably, in the long run, do nothing but check our prosperity during its continuance, and at its close place us in a position to keep and hold the supremacy of the seas, if we desired it. Not the least benefit we should derive would be in the new feeling of love for our common country, resulting from the sons of the two lately hostile sections, North and South, facing a foreign foe. The men who touch elbows in a campaign are brothers by the baptism of fire and blood. Lamentable as such a war would be, costly as it must be, it would not be an entire misfortune to the United States.

JUSTICE TO THE INDIAN.

The sudden introduction and pushing through of the oleomargarine bill in the national House of Representatives has greatly jeopardized the important bills reported by the committee on Indian affairs and to which the friends of Indian civilization everywhere have been looking with great hope. Three of these bills (the bill for the allotment of land in severalty and the extension of law over the Indians; the Sioux bill, and the bill for the relief of the Mission Indians of California) had already passed the Senate twice, and all of them are vitally related to the solution of the Indian problem.

These three bills had been assigned by the House for discussion on May 24, and in the terribly overcrowded condition of the House calendars it was a great point gained to have dates fixed for action. The advocates of the measures had confidence that the manifest justice and necessity would carry them through whenever a hearing was secured before the House. But just as the time came, along came the oleomargarine bill and the House went into a spasm of fright, threw the Indian bills aside and devoted the precious time to bogus butter and the necessity for its suppression.

There is no reason, except that the Indian is not a voter, for the pushing aside of measures that are demanded by every dictate of right and justice. The farmers and dairymen have votes, and the demagogues of the House threw them aside to rush through a measure that might affect the Congressional vote this fall. A feeble promise has been made that a new assignment will be made for the Indian bills, about the middle of June, but there is every reason to fear that, unless the pressure of public opinion is brought to bear upon the House, the country will have to endure the shame and disgrace of the deliberate infliction of further wrong and damage on the Indian, by the simple failure of the House to take any action whatever.

THE loyalty of the Democracy to "reform" in general, and to civil service reform in particular, is well illustrated by the action of the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives, which has refused to appropriate anything for the salaries or any of the other expenses of the Civil Service commission unless the rules shall be so amended that Democrats shall receive appointments in all cases. All these things are being added to the enormous score against the party in the minds of the people. Aside from selfish office-seekers, every intelligent man in the land, irrespective of politics, is in favor of civil service reform. If the Democrats will not carry it out, the people will see that its management is placed in the hands of the Republican party, which first put the law into operation.

IT has been made quite certain that the Tories when in power, not only made overtures to Mr. PARNELL, but were willing to grant a large measure of home rule to Ireland. These were made by Lord CANARVON, who now denies that he either sought an interview with the Irish leader, or that he spoke for the ministry. This is contradicted by Mr. MCCARTHY, who declares that he himself arranged the interview and that it was a long one, and understood to be for the sole purpose of discovering whether some possible arrangement could not be made between the Tory ministry and the Irish leader. In this light the almost vindictive opposition of the Tories to the Home Rule bill gives occasion for a taunt of inconsistency and dishonesty.

THE Canadian comic paper, *Grip*, has a cartoon entitled, "How It May End," which foreshadows a possible termination of the fisheries dispute. Canada is a pretty maiden, talking to mother Britannia, who is vainly endeavoring to control a troublesome boy upon her lap, labeled "Home Rule." The following conversation ensues, relative to Uncle Sam, who is helping himself to Canadian fish in the background:

> Britannia—"O, if he's right you'll have to give in, and if you're right you'll have to give in; so don't bother me about your fishery troubles. Don't you see I've got my hands full?"
>
> Miss Canada—"Well, mammy, if that's how you feel, don't you think I'd better marry him to get rid of him?"

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CLOUDS IN BRITISH SKIES.

Perhaps there was never a time when Great Britain had more power than at present, nor when she was threatened with greater perils. It will demand the broadest and most sagacious statesmanship to carry her safely through them, and a mistake now will be of more vital importance than ever before in her history.

First and foremost comes the question of what to do with Ireland. Home-Rule has just been defeated, but it requires no prophet's eye to see that its accomplishment is simply deferred. The change which has taken place in public opinion since Mr. GLADSTONE first announced his intention of bringing it before Parliament for action, shows this conclusively. The Tories may fight it more vindictively than they have yet done, but it must come. But even if it does, many questions remain to be settled. Ulster is arming to fight government by an Irish Parliament, and there are men and arms at her service for the purpose. Under such circumstances she will be in a state of rebellion that must be put down by force.

In the event of Home-Rule not being carried in the near future, there will be still greater trouble. The time is past when coercion can settle the question. It cannot. Temporizing will not be submitted to much longer. The masses of Ireland are determined to have local self-government, even if it must be obtained at the point of the bayonet, or by dynamite. Nor is the idea of fighting for it so wild as it might seem at first sight. She would have not only the sympathy, but the active assistance of thousands of her people who have made homes elsewhere. To put down an Ulster rebellion would be far cheaper than to fight a determined nation, even one weakened by being so long under oppression.

Setting aside home troubles, comes then the straining of her relations with the United States through the fishery question, a condition which is far more serious than appears upon the surface, and to settle which will require the most careful consideration upon the part of her rulers.

Russia, ambitious to measure forces with the British lion, is watching every movement in order to seize the first favorable opportunity to throw down the gauntlet, that, taken up, may open the way to the British possessions in India. She is putting herself in the best condition possible for fighting, is building railroads and gathering material, all looking towards the consummation of her desires for aggrandizement. India itself is, in many portions, upon the verge of a rebellion. Not only have Russian emissaries been at work breeding discontent, but the agricultural classes, which are upon the verge of starvation, are ripe for a disorder that will repeat the terrible tales of the past.

Burmah, too, adds to the list of troubles. The present force of English occupants finds it next to impossible to maintain law and order. A large part of the country is under the terrorizing sway of a class of rebels who have no fixed abode, and are extremely difficult to find in order to conquer. It will probably require the sending of more troops thither to maintain British authority.

Taking all these things into consideration, and it will be seen that there is occasion for grave apprehension on the part of English statesmen; that the British sky is full of clouds which may be dissipated by the sunbeams of prosperity, or gather together into a tempest whose breaking will make the British lion tremble as it has not done in centuries. There is a class of thoughtful observers, not small, who believe that the day of British supremacy is over, and that the star of empire has passed it forever.

THE REPUBLICAN TARIFF PLANK.

The New York *Herald* (mugwump and free trader) is in a state of mind over the tariff planks of the platforms of 1884. The Republican platform declares:

> The Republican party pledges itself to correct the irregularities of the tariff.

The Democratic platform says:

> The Democratic party is pledged to revise the tariff in a spirit of fairness to all interests.

And the *Herald* grows exceedingly warm because, when Mr. MORRISON on Friday last announced that he would call up his bill, which is a mere free trade wedge, Major MCKINLEY, of Ohio, declared that he should object. The *Herald* affects to look upon this as a violation of

TALMAGE'S FIFTH SERMON.

Strong Drink the Worst Enemy of the Workingman of America To-day—Millions of Dollars Expended Every Year by Wage Earners for Intoxicants.

BROOKLYN, June 13.—Rev. DeWitt Talmage preached to-day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle the fifth of his series of sermons on "The Labor Question." His subject was "Strong Drink the Worst Foe of Labor." After explaining appropriate passages of Scripture Dr. Talmage took his text from Haggai 1, 6: "He that earneth wages earneth wages to put into a bag with holes." Dr. Talmage said:

In Persia under the reign of Darius Hystaspes the people did not prosper. They made money, but did not keep it. They were like people who have a sack in which they put money, not knowing that the sack is torn or eaten of moths or in some way made incapable of holding valuables. As fast as the coin was put in one end of the sack it dropped out of the other. It made no difference how much wages they got, for they lost them. "He that earneth wages earneth wages to put into a bag with holes."

What has become of the billions and billions of dollars in this country paid to the working classes? Some of these moneys have gone for house rent or the purchase of homesteads, or wardrobes, or family expenses, or the necessities of life, or to provide comforts in old age. What has become of other billions? Wasted in foolish outlay. Wasted at the gaming table. Wasted in intoxicants. Put into a bag with a hundred holes.

Gather up the money that the working classes have spent for rum during the last thirty years, and I will build for every workingman a house, and lay out for him a garden, and clothe his sons in broadcloth and his daughters in silks, and stand at his front door a prancing span of sorrels or bays, and secure him a policy of life insurance so that the present home may be well maintained after he is dead. The most persistent, most overpowering enemy of the working classes is intoxicating liquor. It is the anarchist of the centuries, and has boycotted and is now boycotting the body and mind and soul of American labor. It is to it a worse foe than monopoly and worse than associated capital. It annually swamps the industry out of a large percentage of its earnings. It holds out its blasting solicitations to the mechanic or operative on his way to work, and at the noon spell, and on his way home at eventide; or Saturday, when the wages are paid, it snatches a large part of the money that might come to the family and sacrifices it among the saloonkeepers. Within eight hundred yards of Sand street Methodist church, Brooklyn, it has fifty-four saloons, and is plotting now for another. Stand the saloons of this country side by side, and it is carefully estimated it they would reach from New York to Chicago. Forward, march, says the rum power, and take possession of the American nation!

The rum business is pouring its vitriolic and damnable liquids down the throats of hundreds of thousands of laborers, and while the ordinary strikes are ruinous both to employers and employes, I proclaim a universal strike against strong drink, which if kept up will be the relief of the working classes and the salvation of the nation. I will undertake to say that there is not a healthy laborer in the United States who, within the next ten years, if he will refuse all intoxicating beverage shall be saving, may not become a capitalist on a small scale. Our country in a year spends $1,500,000,000 for rum. Of course the working classes do a great deal of the expenditure. Careful statistics show that the wage-earning classes of Great Britain expend in liquors £100,000,000 or $500,000,000 a year. Sit down and calculate, O workingman! how much you have expended in these directions. Add it all up. Add up what your neighbors have expended, and realize that instead of answering the beck of other people you might have been your own capitalist.

When you deplete a workingman's physical energy you deplete his capital. The stimulated workman gives out before the unstimulated workman.

My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life because I noticed in the harvest field that, though I was physicially weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants; I took none."

A brickmaker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says after investigation: "The beer drinker who made the fewest bricks, made 659,000; the abstainer who made the fewest bricks, 746,000. The difference in behalf of the abstainer over the indulger, 87,000."

There came a very exhausting time in the British parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick, or worn out. Out of 652 members only two went through undamaged; they were teetotalers.

When an army goes out to the battle the soldier who has no water or coffee in his canteen marches easier and fights better than the soldier who has whisky in his canteen. Rum helps a man to fight when he has only one contestant and that at the street corner. But when he goes forth to maintain some great battle for God and his country, he will have no rum about him.

When the Russians go to war a corporal passes along the line and smells the breath of every soldier. If there be in his breath a taint of intoxicating liquor the man is sent back to the barracks. Why? He cannot endure fatigue. When they are preparing for a regatta or for a ball club or for athletic wrestling, they abstain. Our working people will be wiser after awhile, and the money they fling away on hurtful indulgences they will put into cooperative associations and so become capitalists. If the workingman put down his wages and then take his expenses and spread them out so they will just equal, he will be rich. I know workingmen who are in a perfect fidget until they get rid of their last dollar.

The following circumstance came under our observation: A young man worked hard to earn his six or seven hundred dollars yearly. Marriage day came. The bride had inherited five hundred dollars from her grandfather. She spent every dollar of it on the wedding dress. They then two rooms in a third story. Then the young man took extra evening employment—almost exhausted with the day's work, yet took evening employment. It almost extinguished his eyesight. Why did he add evening employment to the day employment? To get money. Why did he want to get money? To lay up something. To get ahead? No. To get his life insured so that in case of his death his wife would not be a beggar? No.

He put the extra evening work to the day work that he might get $150 to get his wife a sealskin coat. The sister of the bride heard of this achievement, and was not to be eclipsed, and she, too, got a coat, and she sat up working nearly all the nights for a great while until she bought a sealskin coat. I have not heard of the result on that street. The street was full of those who are on small incomes, but I suppose the contagion spread, and that everybody had a sealskin coat, and that the people came out and cried, practically, not literally: "Though the heavens fall we must have a sealskin coat."

It was out West and a minister of the Gospel told me, in Iowa, that his church and the neighborhood had been impoverished by the fact that they had put mortgages on their farms in order to send their families to the Philadelphia Centennial. It was not respectable not to go to the Centennial. Between such evils and pauperism there is a very short step. The vast majority of children in your almshouses are there because their parents are drunken, or lazy, or recklessly improvident.

I have no sympathy for skin-flint saving, but I plead for Christian prudence. You say it is impossible now to lay up anything for a rainy day. I know it, but we are at the daybreak of national prosperity. Some people think it is mean to turn the gas low when they go out of the room. They feel embarrassed if the door bell rings before they have the hall lighted. They apologize for the plain meal if you surprise them at the table. Well, it is mean if it is only to pile up a miserly hoard. But if it be to educate your children, if it be to give more help to your wife when she does not feel strong, if it be to keep your funeral day from being horrible beyond all endurance because it is to be the disruption and annihilation of the domestic circle—if it be for that, then it is magnificent.

There are those who are kept in poverty because of their own fault. They might have been well off, but they smoked or chewed up their earnings, or they lived beyond their means, while others on the same wages and on the same salaries went on to competency. I know a man who was all the time complaining of his poverty and crying out against rich men, while he himself keeps two dogs and chews and smokes and is full to the chin with whisky and beer. Wilkins Micawber said to David Copperfield: "Copperfield, my boy, one pound income, twenty shillings and sixpence expenses; result, misery. One pound income, nineteen shillings and sixpence expenses; result, happiness."

But, oh workingmen of America, take your morning dram, and your noon dram, and your evening dram, and spend everything you have over for tobacco and excursions, and you ensure poverty for yourself and your children forever. If by some generous fiat of the capitalists of this country, or by a new law of the government of the United States, 25 per cent or 50 per cent or 100 per cent were added to the wages of the working classes of America, it would be no advantage to hundreds of thousands of them unless they stopped strong drink. Aye, until they quit that evil habit the more money, the more ruin; the more wages, the more holes in the bag.

My plea this morning is to those working people who are in a discipleship to the whisky bottle, the beer mug, and the wine-flask. And what I say to them will not be more appropriate to the working classes than to the business classes, and the literary classes, and the professional classes, and all classes, and not with the people of one age more than of all ages. Take one good square look at the suffering of the man whom strong drink has enthralled, and remember that toward that goal multitudes are running.

The disciple of alcoholism suffers the loss of his self-respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say: "I don't care." He does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye unless it is with positive resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed; his self-respect is gone; he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He can not. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of the great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it:

He knows that his course is bringing ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin to his family. He loves them. He would stop if he could. He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago—not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He cannot; he knows he cannot, so he does not try. I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say: "I can stop any time."

But he kept going on, going down, down, down. His family would say: "I wish you would stop." "Why," he would reply, "I can stop at any time if I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet, after that, he said: "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! rum! And yet among his last utterances was: "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it and he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which if a man goes he cannot stop!

One of these victims said to a Christian man: "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit said: "Uncle, I can't give it up. I have stood a cannon and it was loaded and a glass of wine were set on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass I would start, for I must have it."

Oh, it is a sad thing for a man in this life to wake up and find that he is a captive! He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death, but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction; beating against the cage in that direction, beating against it until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy."

I go on and say that the disciple of rum suffers from the loss of physical health. The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alcoholism on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from the ulcerous sketch swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and gnaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every torture, and puts at him with every tormentor. What reptiles crawl over his nerveless limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing juggernaut—he feels them all at once.

Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back their attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up and says: "Hush, now, be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone they begin again: "Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh, God!" And they shriek, and they rave, and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and bite their nails into the quick, and they groan, and they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keepers to kill them: "Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch! That thing is going on now all up and down the land, and I tell you further that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it. I see it coming.

Again, the inebriate suffers through the loss of his home. I do not care how much he loves his wife and children; if this passion for strong drink has mastered him, he will do the most outrageous things, and if he could not get drink in any other way, he would sell his family into eternal bondage. How many homes have been broken up in that way no one but God knows. Oh, is there anything that will so destroy a man for this life and damn him for the life that is to come?

I hate that strong drink. With all the concentrated energies of my soul I hate it. Do not tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart and clothing his children with rags. Why, there are on the roads and streets of this land to-day little children, barefooted, unwashed, and unkempt, with on every patch of their faded dress and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in the churches to-day and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. A rum, thou foe of God, thou destroyer of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I hate thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is that the unfortunate of whom I speak suffers from the loss of the soul. The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us and make our torment there. So that, I suppose, when an inebriate wakes up in the last world, he will feel an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents to get that which would slake his thirst for a little while; but in eternity where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water.

From what chalice of fire will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young men just now slung on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating, everlasting thirst of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a friend came up to search for some infernal work in a grog-shop and should go back taking on the wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate in the lost world longs, what excitement would it make there!

Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquor brightness just touch it; let the drop be very small, if it only have in it the smack of alcoholic drink; let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum, aha! That is rum!" And it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum!" In the future world I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow. I do not believe that it will be the absence of light. I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness. I think it will be the absence of rum. Oh, look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

If is about time that we have another woman's crusade like that which swept through Ohio ten or twelve years ago. With prayer and song the women went into the groceries, and whole neighborhoods, towns and cities were redeemed by their Christian heroism. Thirty women cleared out the rum traffic from a village of 1,000 inhabitants. If 30 women, surcharged of the Holy Ghost, could renovate a town of a thousand, 3,000 consecrated women, resolved to give themselves no peace until this crime was extirpated from this city, could in six months clear out three-fourths of the grog-shops of Brooklyn.

If there be three thousand women now in this city who will put their hands and their hearts to the work I will take the contract for driving out all these moral nuisances from the city—at any rate three-fourths of them—in three months. If, when that host of three thousand consecrated women is marshaled, there be no one to lead them, then, as a minister of the most high God, I will offer to take my position at the front of the host and I will cry to them, "Come on, ye women of Christ, with your songs and your prayers. Some of you take the enemy's right wing and some the left wing. Forward! The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Down with the dram shops!"

But not waiting for those mouths of hell to close, let me advise the working and the business classes, and all classes, to stop strong drink. While I declared some time ago that there was a point beyond which a man could not stop, I want to tell you that, while a man cannot stop in his own strength the Lord God by his strength can help him to stop at any time. I was in a room in New York where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth that I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ he has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate and redeem it.

I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will give your heart to God he will help you by his grace to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance. I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting in our religious assemblages there are a good many people in awful peril; and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. There are men in my congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath of whom I must make the remark that if they do not change their course within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkard's graves, and, as to their bodies, lie down in a drunkard's perdition.

I know that this is an awful thing to say, but I cannot help saying it. Oh, beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! Whether the beverage be poured in golden chalice or pewter mug, in the foam at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" In the books of judgment are open and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom. I want you to bear witness that I, this morning, in the fear of God and in the love for your soul, told you, with all affection and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—a premonition of the blackness of darkness forever.

Oh, if you could only hear this morning, Intemperance with drunkard's bones drumming on the head of the liquor cask, the dead march of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a winecup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip; and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophecies of the resurrection that has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted breath of a drunkard's sepulcher?

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The shell race between Teemer and Gaudaur, at Pullman, Ill., was won by the latter, in 20 minutes and 20 seconds.

Lillie Mitchell, of St. Paul, has sued the *Pioneer-Press* for libel because that paper published her portrait.

The killing of unmuzzled dogs, under the ordinance, was begun Thursday at Milwaukee. Forty canines were killed, and two policemen shot themselves, inflicting painful wounds.

Addison Doddridge, a rich farmer of Braxton county, W. Va., was found fatally stabbed by a roadside. He is known to have had serious trouble with a neighbor, Thos. Jackson.

Ten thousand people and six bands of music attended the Republican county convention at Goshen, Ind. The Elkhart faction, whose candidates were beaten, threaten to bolt.

The Union Pacific west-bound freight train was ditched and wrecked near Elkhorn, Neb. Four young men were stealing a ride in one of the freight cars, and two of them were killed, and one was dangerously injured.

A meeting of the fruit and vegetable growers' association of the United States will be held at Columbus, O., June 17, 1886. The society extends a cordial invitation to all parties interested.

William Close was overcome by fire-damp while cleaning out an old well at Ft. Wayne, Ind. Hiram Gaston, a companion, tried to rescue him, and was also overcome. Both perished. They leave large families.

At Houston, Tex., August Sharper shot and instantly killed his wife's step-father, Joseph Edgecomb. Sharper surrendered himself. The shooting was the outgrowth of a family quarrel.

Robert Robinson, aged 16, of Wadesboro, S. C., died Monday, of hydrophobia after 24 hours' suffering. He was bitten by a mad dog two years ago and a few days before his death was stung in the same place by bees.

A freight train on the Kansas City road was wrecked some distance east of Memphis. Fifteen cars were entirely demolished, and several tramps, who were stealing a ride, were crushed to death, being mutilated in a most horrible manner. Their names could not be learned. The crew escaped without injury.

William Barron, residing near Macoupin, Ill., accompanied by his wife and 18-months old child, attempted to ford Hurricane creek, which was badly swollen by the severe storm of Sunday night. The wagon was overturned, and the child and team drowned. Barrows and his wife were rescued with great difficulty.

Three Ministerial Chestnuts.

It is related of the late Bishop Whitehouse, of Chicago, that, hearing once a sermon from a very opinionated but sadly deficient clergyman, he was asked by the preacher how he liked it. He said: "There was one very fine passage." "Yes," said the delighted clergyman, "and which was that?" "Your passage," said the bishop, "from the pulpit when you had finished."

A loading minister of New York was preaching from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." He was very much annoyed by people leaving the the church during his sermon, and finally stopped and said: "That's right, brethren, as fast as you've weighed, pass out." The exodus stopped.

Garrick, the great tragedian, once made a reply that may well be commended to all preachers. A noted bishop asked him how it was that while the actor could easily sway his audiences by mere fiction his congregations were so drowsy and inattentive. "Because, your lordship," was the reply, "I recite falsehood as if it were truth, while you preach truth as if it were falsehood." The answer hides in it the great cause of what the preachers in their discussions call "loss of power in the pulpit."—*Chicago Herald.*

Fighting Power and the Potatoes.

Fower, the famous Irish duelist, was unmistakably Irish. Once, when traveling, a waiter at the inn was sent to him with a plate of potatoes, which he ate with apparent relish. Then, ascertaining from the attendant to whom he was indebted for the repast, he ordered his servant to bring in two covered dishes, one of which was placed before the gentleman in question and the other on the table at which he sat. The covers were removed, and under each a loaded pistol was seen. Power, taking up his weapon, cocked it and invited his volunteer entertainer to do likewise, assuring that gentleman that he felt satisfaction to the friend who sat beside him. Needless to say, the practical joker declined the invitation. — *Blackwood's Magazine.*

A Peculiar Letter of Credit.

A man who is attempting to start a retail lumber yard down in a small town in Ohio gave a jobber the name of his former employer for reference and left his order. The report received by the jobber, although slightly ambiguous, was not of a nature to induce him to hustle very much in the execution of the shipment. It is so subtle, and withal so honest, that I am attempted to subjoin: "Mr. —— has worked for me 12 or 13 years, and has always been a faithful man, and I respect him as a true friend; but if I was a stranger to him and knew his failings I would not want to trust him."—*The Lumberman.*

He Liked Them.

It was evident from the way he walked into a furnishing store that he had been hidden away in the mountains for a good many years. He wanted a white shirt and bought one; but in about half an hour he returned with it and laid it dowd ann said: "Mister, this durned thing is hind-end to."

The dealer explained to him that it was the new fashion, and how to put it on, and the man's face lightened up with a broad smile as he comprehended, and he said:

"Say! That's jist boss, old man. Gimme a pair o' pants which button behind the same way."—*Wall Street News.*

THE ONLY SURVIVOR

Of the Dr. I. I. Hayes Arctic Expedition —His Long Suffering and Narrow Escape.

The public will be interested in the following narratives, written by Mr. S. J. McCormick, U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor, who is the person alluded to above.

BLISS STATION, Idaho, Feb. 4th, 1886.

DR. KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.—Dear Sir: I have just seen a paragraph in the N. Y. *Sun*, of January 14, 1886, regarding your Favorite Remedy for Kidney Complaint. Also the mention that Dr. I. I. Hayes, my old Arctic friend and companion, was connected with you at the Satterlee, U. S. A. General Hospital, West Philadelphia, during the war. The perusal of this article has led me to write to you, submitting my case. For some years past I have suffered from severe pains in the hip joint and back bone. Frequently I am seized with acute pains in that region so as to deprive me of all power. It continues sometimes for weeks, and reduces me to perfect helplessness. These attacks come very suddenly and without warning. The pain is terrible, and resembles, more than anything else I can think of, the thrust of a knife in the parts, and then turning it around. If I could only overcome these attacks by the use of your Favorite Remedy I shall consider myself a fortunate man. I am the last one left of the expedition of which Dr. Hayes was the commander. All have struck their colors but myself. From this description can you tell what the difficulty is, and if your Favorite Remedy will reach so severe a case.

Yours, &c.,
S. J. MCCORMICK.

To this Dr. Kennedy replied in substance: "You are suffering from Gravel in the Kidneys and Bladder, and I am confident the Favorite Remedy will work a perfect cure." The following letter clearly shows the truth of this promise;

BLISS STATION, Idaho, May 26, 1886.

DR. KENNEDY, Rondout, N. Y.:

Dear Sir—I have used the Favorite Remedy, as directed, and I am glad to say I am perfectly cured. All pain has left me in the region of the kidneys, and I feel better than I have for many years. Words are inadequate to express what I suffered. I sleep better, have good appetite, and feel like another person. With Favorite Remedy at hand I have no more fear regarding the kidney disorder. If parties afflicted as I have been will only try your Favorite Remedy, they will then appreciate it as I do, and thank you for the great boon you have given to mankind. With the greatest pleasure I give you permission to refer to my case and shall do everything in my power to recommend Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Yours Respectfully

S. J. MCCORMICK,
U. S. Deputy Mineral Surveyor.

MAYOR HARRISON AND THE GANG.

The Mayor Will Not Veto the Aldermanic Sell-Out—Yerkes Leaves for Philadelphia—He Is Not Disturbed.

CHICAGO, June 10.—Mayor Harrison says he will not veto the "cable" ordinance, unless he finds something in it that should be changed. His objection to having the cable laid on North State street has been provided for by the car company agreeing to build a tunnel under the property owners on that thoroughfare for a decision. The mayor further intimated that the ordinance would probably be passed over his veto in any event. Being asked what would be done in regard to the Lasalle street tunnel, he said: "I have told Mr. Yerkes that he should have no further fear of that tunnel, with emphasis on the somebody. I said he would have to allow the city some compensation for the tunnel."

Mr. Yerkes, the president of the North Chicago City railway, left for Philadelphia, yesterday afternoon. Concerning the expose of his Philadelphia career, he said, yesterday, according to the *Daily News*: "I don't care much about it. The fact is, I have read nearly all the *Daily News* story before. It reflects more on Philadelphia than it does on me. They have a loose way of doing city business there."

Before his departure, Yerkes had a long conference with Mayor Harrison, and left at the latter's office an agreement not to operate the cables on North State street if a majority of the property owners objected. Concerning this document, the *News* says: "What reliance can Mayor Harrison place in an agreement signed by an ex-convict, who to secure his release from the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, denied his own affidavits? It seems about time to reiterate to the mayor of Chicago that a man is known by the company he keeps."

The *Times* says, this morning, editorially: "There is of course, nothing new—and perhaps it must be added, nothing startling—in aldermanic transactions of this character. The citizens of Chicago have become accustomed to it. The average Chicago alderman, like his prototype of Gotham, has reduced the blackmailing of corporations to a fine art. It is well understood that every corporation which goes to the Chicago council for privileges or favors must be prepared to pay handsomely therefor. * * * Chicago was not at all surprised at her aldermen selling themselves; but she was a little stunned by the *sang froid* with which they advertised their own venality."

ROBBERS' CAVE, IN TEXAS.

Prominent Citizens as Members of a Gang of Texas Outlaws.

SAN ANTONIO, June 14.—The recent discovery of a skeleton in Robbers' cave, fifteen miles north of here, and its identification last evening by a coroner's jury as that of Frank Harris, a young man who was an associate of Outlaw Frank Scott in September, 1884, has produced a sensation here, and officers of the law believe that they have at last got hold of a thread that will unravel the history of the worst band of murderers, stage robbers, and horse thieves that ever infested Western Texas.

How many murders the Pitts-Yeager-Ditron band perpetrated in the last ten years no man will ever know. Pitts and Yeager killed United States Marshal Gasting, while on their way to the penitentiary for life. Pitts was killed at the same time, and Yeager is now serving his sentence. There were always some six or seven members of the gang whose identification was a profound mystery.

Joe Ellis, another member, was killed week before last by officers, in a desperate hand-to-hand fight. Brannan's death proved the means of giving officers their present valuable clews. A few days after he was killed his brother, Capt. Calvin Brannan, came to town and made a statement that Frank Scott, Frank Scott and his father Thomas Scott, were both members of the famous gang, and had killed Frank Harris in the fall of 1884. The Scotts had previously stood fairly well in the community, only a few people suspecting them. They were both arrested, much to their amazement, and are now in jail. Who directed the officers to the long-lost robbers' cave is not known, but it is thought Calvin Brannan told them where to find it.

A Boy Steals Money and Securities Worth Over $500,000.

BOSTON, June 11—Last week the police authorities were notified by one of the largest real estate, trust, and insurance firms that they had had stolen from them a box containing a large number of valuable legal papers relating to the proprietorship of estates valued at more than $500,000, some $5,000 in gold coin, and unregistered United States bonds to the value of $340,000. This property was in a tin box, and no clue to its disappearance could be guessed at by the firm. It now transpires that an office boy, John Ellis, aged 13 years, stole it and hid it in an archway in the old postoffice building, several squares away. Ellis knocked the cover off, helped himself to some of the gold, and, not knowing the value of the securities, scattered them on the floor of the passageway, and passers-by walked over them until they were torn and dirty. Finding he was watched, the boy got the box and to make sure that he put all the papers back, he scraped up all the dirty waste paper that had accumulated in the archway. He brought the box back to the office, where it was found Tuesday. Young Ellis was arrested. The legal papers are much damaged. All but $100 in gold was recovered. It is said that the boy Ellis began his stealings by taking postage stamps, which were legal tenders, at a William's Court pie stand.

Arkansas Politics.

LITTLE ROCK, June 12.—J. G. Fletcher, who accepted the nomination of the Agricultural Wheel for governor, will publish a card to-day withdrawing from the race, and declaring himself out of politics. E. G. McConnell, nominee for auditor, and W. P. Grace, for attorney general, also decline to accept the nomination, and it is understood that Jarmi, for land commissioner, and Thornburg, for secretary of state, will also decline. This action renders it doubtful if any ticket can be constructed, especially as the Republican state Central committee has refused to endorse the Wheel ticket. The most sanguine of the Wheel party insist they will make the fight.

Balmy odors from Spice Islands,
Wafted by the tropic breeze,
SOZODONT in healthful fragrance
Cannot be surpassed by these.
Teeth it whitens, purifies;
You will use it if you're wise.

GOLDEN BELT KANSAS,

Lincoln County, in the center of Kansas. Richest lands in the world; "dirt" cheap; best watered county in the state; plenty of coal and building rock. Send address for circular. Correspondence solicited. Waterman Bros. & Adams, Lincoln, Kan.

RAMBLER'S NOTEBOOK.

At the Mouth of the River Tyne—A Run Down the River from Newcastle to South Shields—Some Interesting Towns Seen Through the Fog—Delights of a Day in May.

Mention has already been made in these note book sketches of the capricious nature of the climate in and about Newcastle. If further evidence were needed to prove its utter unreliability and general badness, the first week of May, a year ago, would furnish unlimited quantities. During this most charming week, which was preceded by a fortnight of comparatively fair, springlike weather, there was one constant succession of rain storms, sunshine embittered by raw southeast winds, hail storms and gales of wind of terrific force. But a curious combination of circumstances made me forget all the sufferings of the week in the pleasures of one afternoon.

South Shields is an important little city—town it is called in the vernacular, situated on the south side of the river, just where the turgid Tyne first receives the boisterous welcome of the North German ocean as the one sinks its petty yellow identity into the glorious blueness of the other. I left Newcastle early this memorable afternoon, in the first week of May, 1885, just as the sun was trying to force its way through the clouds of smoky mist that overhung the entire city like a pall. Across that wonderful high level bridge, a more enduring monument to Stephenson's greatness than most geniuses are fortunate enough to have, on we sped, through Gateshead, a hive of factories, chemical and glass works and a teeming population of hardy, thrifty sons of toil. Across the river is a capital view of Newcastle, the old tower dating way back to A. D. 1080 being conspicuous in the foreground while beyond the serried roofs of buildings are towered above by St. Nicholas' matchless spire.

As the train scurries on down the river, with a stop here and there, one hardly realizes the vastness of the interests concentrated along this insignificant branch railway. One cannot quickly realize the part played by the county of Durham, as in crossing the river Tyne we left the county of Northumberland—in the political, ecclesiastical and industrial history of this mighty island. Those momentous events of the past are history, and do not interest us so much as does the fact that thousands of feet under us, as we rumble through the neat, toylike town of Hebburn, thousands of men are at this identical moment toiling night and day in a vast field of coal, the quality of which is celebrated even in this region of coal collieries. We have not time to take an interest, a living every day interest in knowing, that they have extended their tunnels of darkness right under the bed of the river Tyne there, and that some years ago the whole mine was flooded, and for a long time it was unknown that in attempting to pump it out they were trying to draw out the North German Ocean through a hole in the bottom of the river. But it was eventually discovered, and other means being adopted the leak was stopped, the water pumped out, and Hubburn pit was made, as it is to-day, one of the most successful mines in the north.

We stop for a moment at a thrifty town called by the inhabitants "Jarrer," "Jarror," "Jarrah," and, properly spoken, Jarrow. Here is located the enormous establishment of Charles Mark Palmer, M. P., and known all over the world as "Palmer's Works." Some idea of the extent of these works may be obtained from the fact that, speaking literally, and in no sense exaggerating, the iron ore which enters one end of this vast machine, comes out at the other an ocean-sized steel steamship, complete in every detail. These mammoth works extend for a mile and a half along the river front, and give employment to an army of skilled workers.

From Jarrow down to the mouth of the river there is a constant succession of ship-yards, great and small, marine engine works, chemical factories, dry docks, coal staithes—in fact on this, as on the other side, the bank is a living hive of human industry.

It should be said that while we were humming along through this extremely interesting district the sky had clouded over and the rain fell in torrents. Fortunately, however, by the time we reached South Shields it was again fair weather, though the air was heavy with moisture. We went at once, straight to the main street of the town, and started for the great breakwater, now almost completed, after having been years in course of construction. As the pier leading to the breakwater was passed, the broad expanse of old ocean stretched away to the south and westward. Across the river, which here assumes the proportions of a bay, protected by breakwaters on each side, rose the majestic cliffs of Tynemouth, with imposing lighthouse and the picturesque ruins of old Tynemouth Priory, each arch and jagged wall clearly outlined against the blue sky beyond.

We had just time to notice that on the right of the breakwater on which we were walking, there was a very pretty bathing harbor, and on the left a great semi-circular stretch of sands, broken only by Marsden Rock, a mile or two away, when the sky was suddenly overcast and the great drops of rain came down in fury, driven by a sudden squall. Umbrellas were of no avail, and refuge from the driving blasts was sought in lee of the cabin of the Life Saving service. In an instant there was a sudden change in the temperature. There were a few feathery flakes of snow, and then came a terrific downpour of hail. Marsden Rock, that huge landmark at the southern entrance to the harbor, which but a moment before could be seen looming up like a Titanesque sentinel in the distance, was completely hidden by the dense, white veil; the great ocean steamer we had just seen rising and falling with the long, regular beat of the ocean's mighty pulse, faded slowly away, and the fierce clatter of the hard hail upon the sand and shingle made weird music to the deep accompaniment of the booming surf upon the invisible beach.

This sudden outburst was over as quickly as it came. The great black clouds moved in solid masses beyond us and out to sea. The breakers came tumbling upon a beach covered with hail that glistened and sparkled in the sunlight. Further and further out to sea the sun pushed the clouds, and there, rising and falling just as before, was the homeward-bound steamer. Further on and the veil was taken from the grand old Rock, and then as far as the eye could reach there was nothing but the bright blue sea above joined by just a tiny thread of the black storm-cloud to the bright blue sea below.

ROBINSON LOCKE.

A Long-Headed Boy.

An *enfant terrible* was traveling to Boston the other day via the Cambridge horse cars, and in company with his fond mamma and a number of other people bound in the same direction. After scanning the scene for some time his eagle eye lighted on an engaging pictorial advertisement just above his head. It represented, let us say, the female form encompassed by a marvelous pair of corsets, and the legend written beneath that purchasers of the same could return the article after fifteen days' trial, if not perfectly satisfactory. Finally, in the silence of the car, rose the piping voice of this terrible child: "Say, mamma, do you wear double X. Z. corset?" "No, No! Hush!" "No, I shan't hush. Why don't you wear those corsets?" "Hush!" in distracted tones from the blushing parent. "Well, I should think you'd like to wear one. You could have a new pair every fifteen days if they didn't fit!" Passengers in convulsions, and *enfant terrible* threatened with dire punishment on arrival at home.

Conkling's $20,000 Fee.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 11.—Comptroller Chapin has decided to allow ex-Sen. Conkling the $20,000 claimed by the latter as his fee for acting as counsel for the Senate railroad committee that investigated the Broadway street railway franchise. Several interviews between Chapin and Conkling were held, at which Conkling satisfied Chapin that if he had pursued his usual practice during the time he was acting for the committee his fees would have aggregated over $20,000. The bill of Clarence Stewart as associate counsel is $21,000. Chapin will only allow a portion of this, probably about two-thirds.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A little miss wanted some ice cream the other evening. She wouldn't accept her mother's refusal, and as a last resort she sent her to her father. The question was put to him, who answered, "Not much." She went back to her mother and told her that her papa said "she could have a little."

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

We are very glad to announce that with the close of the present week we shall have shipped every order for Sewing Machines on our books. After the twenty-second instant we shall be prepared to fill each and every order for Sewing Machines on the day received, and we shall do so in every case.

Those we have sent out have given perfect satisfaction, except in a few cases where they have been injured in transit, and it has taken but little time to make them good.

Send in your orders at once, and remember you get for $18 a better machine than is sold by any other manufacturing company for $45, and, in addition, the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. We warrant the Machine to do perfect work.

The Blade Sewing Machine (warranted), and the Weekly Blade one year, for $18. ORDER AT ONCE.

THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE—MORE PLEASED PEOPLE.

We can only afford space for a few letters concerning our anti-monopoly Sewing Machine this week. It will be observed that every one speaks in the highest terms of the new machine, that it does its work better and more satisfactorily than any machine on the market, and that it is all that we promised, and more, too.

Read these letters:

PETROLIA, June 10, 1886.

Received sewing machine some time ago. It is a good machine for the money.
J. C. WIDGER.

OSAWATOMIE, Kan., June 11, '86.

Machine received some three weeks. Has proved satis

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

AN EQUAL PARTNERSHIP.

"I hould scorn the thought of having a purse separate from my husband's, and I have no patience with those who want an individual allowance. A wife who has any tact in managing her husband can usually get all she wants, or all that he can afford, without having any division in money matters."

So said emphatically a happy woman, married to a generous man whose law was what she wished. They understood each other perfectly, rarely differed in opinion, and were, in short, really mated. She was rarely obliged to ask for money, and when she did, it was given so freely, as if it were a right, that she never felt humiliated by the act.

This woman was exceptionally situated. The great majority of wives when the matter is stripped of all sentimentality, are simply paupers, dependent for every comfort of life upon the will of others. They may live in luxury so far as eating, drinking and clothing is concerned, but they can not buy a twenty-five cent handkerchief without being obliged to ask for the means to do it with.

It is all very well for men to scout the idea of this being degradation, but let the situation be reversed awhile, and see what the result would be. It does not matter if a wife is never refused what she asks for; she should never be obliged to take as a gift what is her absolute right. Unfortunately, however, the number of men who give even what is a necessity without question and ungrudgingly, is small. Imagine a man's indignation at being called to render account of the cigars he smokes, the drinks he takes, the collars he buys, of all of his daily expenditures through the year, and yet this is what in spirit he compels his wife to do, when she is obliged to ask him for every cent of money she desires to spend. Why should there be such a difference? Simply and solely because custom has made it so, and it is hard to get away from the traditions of the past.

It is true that he goes out into the world and does the work which brings the actual cash, but if she is at home and looks after the household, regulating its arrangement to their pecuniary circumstances, bearing their children and caring for their welfare, she is making good her claim to half of what he receives, and hers is by no means the easiest part. The simple fact that she does not have to go out from under her own roof does not militate against that assertion. In truth, she would, many times, be glad to be relieved from the necessity of this daily supervision of washing, ironing, baking, mending, sweeping, dusting, cooking, dish-washing, and the endless other items that make up the routine of her everyday life. It is wearisome and nerve-wearing under the happiest arrangements, but when compelled to do it all with one head and one pair of hands, who can say that she is not entitled to an equal voice with him as to the disposition of the proceeds of their joint labor, or that she should be contented with her board and what clothing he thinks she ought to have.

In nine cases out of ten he has no more, say you? That is not true, for he has the control of what they both really earn, and doles out to her what in his, not her, judgment she needs. She is fully his equal in everything except a knowledge of business methods, and this may be set off against his ignorance of the intricacies of household labor. Her work is done quite as well as his, and often under less favorable circumstances, for it is not difficult for him to procure competent help, while she is involved in a ceaseless effort to obtain the intelligent assistance which she needs.

Now I am not arguing for an absolute splitting of the money he receives in two equal parts, to be disposed of as each wills. In a united household that would be impossible, for the family expenses must be met out of a common fund. A wife should, however, have a sum of money for her personal wants as absolutely her own as that which the husband takes for himself, and to be used without question, as he does. Of course that sum must be proportioned to the income, and may be unavoidably very small, but the husband should not hug the sweet delusion that he deserves more than she, because the money comes as the direct result of his labor.

Nor, in this connection, do I like the word allowance. It conveys a false idea. The money has been earned by her, if she has been faithful to her duties, and is her right, just as truly as in any other partnership. A man would not talk about "allowing" a person associated with him in business a share of the profits, nor would he think of the matter in that way. Why should he not use the same respect and consideration towards his partner in marriage?

Outside of this sum of money for personal and independent use which is required by one equally with the other, there should be an absolute community of interests so far as the family is concerned, matters pertaining to its expenses being the subject of mutual consultation. The wife should never be kept in ignorance of business affairs, of investments made, of gains or losses. Her intuitions are often as good as his reasoning, but aside from that, fewer complaints of a wife's extravagance would be heard, and there would be less trouble when death takes the husband away, if the wife were given a thorough and intelligent understanding of his business matters from day to day.

"I have all confidence in my husband and do not wish to be burdened," says one woman. "I want to save my wife from worry," says a husband. That is very well in both cases, so long as all goes prosperously, but the day may come when a little knowledge on her part would make all the difference between a competence and poverty. Besides that, if money has always been doled out to her in small sums, she does not know its value, nor how far it may be made to reach. I have seen women under such circumstances, when left alone, so utterly helpless, as to make their condition almost tragical.

To return. Men say—I have heard them—that to set off a limited sum of money to their wives for their personal use seems like a reflection upon their own honor and generosity. That is it. The thought of generosity should not come into the count. The money belongs to the wife—she has earned it. He is generous only when he denies himself something for her pleasure, not when he simply yields her a right. The great trouble is to persuade the masculine mind out of an inborn conviction to the contrary, into the realization that his wife is not the beneficiary of his bounty, but an equal partner in the business of life, she doing her part in one way, he his in another, and with equal claim to the profits. I do not believe that men—good men—have any idea how deeply women feel upon this subject. I have heard so many protests—some uttered confidentially, others spoken openly—against this compulsory asking for money, that I have come to believe it is growing into a deep-seated rebellion, as it ought to be. A high spirited woman cannot be happy under the consciousness that her services are owned by a master, for, casting out the element of love from the matter, it amounts to just that. The moment the wedding ring is placed upon her finger, she gives up all right to the products of her labor. If she chances to marry a man who has a tender consideration for her, she may be happy; if not, she is certain to go through life chafing under this unnecessary humiliation. It is true, that many women accept this as an inevitable thing, and school themselves into indifference, and there are some who really do not care, but they are not the rule. It is also true that there are men who allow their wives to be their treasurers, but they are the exceptions.

Tact is a good thing for a woman to possess, but it is not pleasant for her to feel that she must employ it upon her husband to coax him for what money she needs. Even a good dinner—usually a potent influence—will not always untie the purse-strings, though necessity presses. The only way is for men to get rid of the idea of bounty in this connection, and be as just to their wives as to those they regard as their creditors. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Photograph Holders.—A very odd-looking one is a long, round stick, gilded or bronzed, and fastened to the wall by ribbons tacked up first, then tied in a handsome bow around each end of the stick. The photographs can then be set in as fancy dictates the length of the stick. A second and shorter one may be tied above, and the lower holder be used for cabinet pictures and the upper one for those of card size.

Wall Ornaments.—Cover a board eight or ten inches square with plush. Take three or four new clay pipes, gild one, bronze another and color another; then tie them upon the board where they cross each other.

Card Rack.—Take a large pine cone with as perfect leaves as can be obtained. Tack to the top either a ribbon with a bow to cover the fastening to hang it up by or a cord and tassel for the same purpose. Tack a handsome tassel to the lower side. Then gild it all over or varnish it, or what is pretty, gild or green bronze one leaf and varnish the rest, until all are done. When dry it is ready for the cards.—Ed.

Crochet Pouches.—Cut 6 pieces of pasteboard oblong, 3 ins. wide and 6 long, cut rather sharp at the ends. Cover 3 with bronze-green plush (on one side only) and 3 with pink satin. Embroider a small spray of flowers on each plush piece. Sew together plush on one side, satin on the other. Then sew three pieces together in the shape of a grain of buckwheat, leaving one side open, and by pressing on the ends it will open, making a handy receptacle for crocheting thread and needle. Finish with bows of pink at the ends and pink cord down the seams. If you wish a less elaborate one, make of pretty cretonne and line with cambric. I made one and it was real pretty.—JEAN COLVER, Normandale, Ontario.

"Fancy Work and House Decoration" can be had by sending 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and knit; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ch st sp, chain stitch space; d st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Ancient Pointed Lace.—Cast on eleven stitches. 1st row—sl 1—o—n 4—o 2—k 2; 2nd row—k 3—p 1—k 1—o—n 4; 3d row—sl 1—o—n 5—k 4; 4th row—k 5—o—n 4; 5th row—sl 1—o—n 4—o 2—n—o 2—n; 6th row—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—o—n 4; 7th row—sl 1—o—n 4—k 6; 8th row—k 7—o—n 4; 9th row—sl 1—o—n 4—o 2—n 3; 10th row—k 2—p 1, 3—k 1—o—n 4; 11th row—sl 1—o—n 4—k 9; 12th row—k 10—o—n 4; 13th row—sl 1—o—n 4—o 2—n 3—o 2—k 3 tog; 14th row—k 2—p 1 4 times—k 1—o—n 4; 15th row—sl 1—o—n 4—k 12; 16th row—b off 10—k 2—o—n 4. The "binding off" should be loose enough to correspond in length with the opposite side of the scallop. The fagoting can be made wider by adding two stitches for each row of open work.

Shell Lace.—1st row—Chain 6, form in ring—chain 3—9 treble in ring—chain 3—turn. 2d row—3 treble separated by 1 chain in each treble of preceding row—turn. 3d row—chain 3—1 treble separated by 2 chain between each treble of preceding row—turn. 4th row—chain 3—1 treble separated by 3 chain between each treble of preceding row—turn. 5th row—chain 3—5 treble in first chain of 3, fasten down with s c—5 treble in next chain of 3, and so on until chains are all filled, always fastening with s c between each 5. This finishes first scallop. 2d scallop. 1st row—chain 5 (this takes the place of ring in beginning)—fasten with s c in the centre of first 5 treble—chain 3—fasten in second 5 treble—5 treble in chain 5. Repeat from 2d row, always fastening to the preceding scallop when at end of 2d and 4th rows.—JEAN G.

Correspondence.

DUTY INSUFFICIENT.

Dedicated to the memory of Faith, Hope and Justice.

O duty! duty! duty! am I never to be free,
From the constant admonitions,
From the never varying plea,
Of "ought," and "ought," and "see?"
Pray grant me some condition,
That I may know *one* glee.

So long I've been obedient to thy every command,
So long paid all allegiance
To thy ceaseless, pitiless hand,
To thy "ought," and "ought," and "and,"—
Can I never gain thy license,
Though I strive on every hand?

Not simply then by hour or day,
Do I count thy ceaseless toil,
Thy never ending lay
Of "ought you to do this way?"
But through long, lonely years I've hid
My life in thine; and for what I pray?

Only to gain thy scornful glance,
If I but turn my head away;
Or look aside, e'en though by chance;—
Ah! then that "ought" sharp as a lance,
Still guards my weary way,
Lest I might yet advance.

And yet was it thy fault, Duty God?
My heart grew "sair" in following Thee;
Finding itself misunderstood,
Yet striving on "ought" though meager food.
To grow a soul all free
And bright, as each one should.

So, Duty, lest I wrong Thee, hear me say
I hold Thee free from blame, unmoved;
Finding Thou'st done Thy whole duty;
Thy fault surely it ought not be—nay! nay!
That Faith a truant sad has proved,
And Hope and Justice gone astray.

WAUSEON, WIS. OBLIVION.

IS THE SHADOWS?—May not "they have done what they could?" Those suffering ones who walk the earth despairing, or lie helpless on beds of pain, drearily dragging to its close a sad, unhopeful life, without the consolation of spiritual or religious faith to brighten their thoughts of the future, even though they may seem to have been happily mated! unmated, for their minds are not full of the just rewards of the faithful? Success, it is said, is not enjoined upon us, but only labor, and yet there can be no doubt but that there are many faithful servants in the world who are actually dying off the face of the earth for lack of success in their honest efforts to be recognized by those with whom their lot is cast, as persons having real and actual rights of consideration individually, with regard to opinions of business or pleasure in which they all have equal interest and which all should have some right to direct, as well as a right to labor for.

If one's rights to personality be ignored by one's fellow and sub-creators, how is it possible to refrain from believing that one's superior creator is not first in that opinion, which leaves one altogether without personality, theretore without hope, and Hyperion has said: "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone; shadows seem purposely designed for us, and the world seems but a dim reflection, itself a broader shadow." Might not there be some little comfort obtained to those living "in the shadows" by correspondence with one another? whereby there might be an interchange of helpful lists of philosophy, such as the following: "Where there is a shadow there is also a shelter. The roof which shuts out the sun, may shut out the storm as well"—accompanied by strong, earnest words of sympathetic regard. It is said, "In union there is strength," and these weak ones certainly need upholding. Why may they not thus, by corresponding, form a sort of shadow comfort association, and help one another share the weight of the darkest days known to mortals? If any of them would like to correspond with others of this individual rights-ignored class, they can, by writing their name and address very plainly, and enclosing a stamped envelope for reply, receive a list of all names addressed to Box 1, Wausemon, Green County, Wis.

If other papers will please copy this communication, many blessings will fall on them from—THE SHADOWS.

INDIGNANT FARMER'S WIFE.—I have felt for some time that I would like to join the HOUSEHOLD family but felt some reluctance in thus introducing myself. "Skipper" has told the truth about farmers' wives making money by gardening or raising poultry. If the eggs of one week should amount to $5, as did Prudence's income who wrote to her sister Polly some weeks since, there might be some inducement to try it. These articles telling how a farmer's wife can earn her own living aside from her ordinary duties look well in print, and were they practical would only add more burdens to their already lives of toil. To discuss this subject in newspaper articles is a means of educating men to wrong ideas, and they think it quite proper to let their wives earn money, and thus save their own purse. To show the ridiculousness of such teaching I will give an illustration. Suppose two men go into partnership, engaging in some business, one being physically stronger than the other but both doing their share of the work, and custom would demand the weak one to do outside work to earn his clothing, etc., or some dainty or luxury which he thinks he ought to have instead of drawing his full share out of the firm. Would we not all hold up our hands in holy horror at such an outrage, and yet the farmer's wife is expected to do just this very thing, and many employments are constantly suggested to her by people who mean well, and I am sorry to say that many accept the situation as a matter of course and think such suggestions a God-send and put the yoke on their necks and pull away?

The average farmer's wife has several children to care for, does her own work, sews, knits, darns, mends, attends to the poultry, hoes the garden and does a thousand other things too numerous to mention, and pray tell me where is her extra time for berry culture, poultry raising, etc., so as to make it profitable.

Cannot the well-to-do farmer's wife have the same privilege that her city sister has to sit down and rest, read the papers or do what she pleases and look altogether to her husband for whatever she needs without a thousand suggestions from every quarter that she had better bestir herself and start a berry patch, etc! She needs no such suggestions. I think it the duty of every farmer's wife first to state her needs to her husband, and if he refuses, then insist upon her rights, use argument, the strategem and the little arts women so well understand to open their husband's heart first and then his purse, and should all fail make up your mind to submit to your fate, rest your mind and body as much as you can, but never add one iota to your many cares and burdens that these outside employments must incur. I think it the part of wisdom and good sense to let the farmer's wife alone, and commence writing to the farmers themselves—educate them in a different direction, suggest what they shall cultivate and raise, and the profits to their wives and thus decrease their burdens and increase their health and strength, and lengthen out their days. Let us teach our sons in such a way that the next generation of farmers will know how to treat their wives, and do away with these kind (?) suggestions from every quarter of the globe. —JULIA JAYBIRD, New Sprinfield, O.

The writer of the above article has just enough right upon her side of the argument to secure the insertion of her article. The majority of farmer's wives do have enough, and more than enough, to employ all of their time and strength without shouldering added burdens, but if they can earn money and, in this way, hire help in the house which they can get in no other, as many do, there is no reason why they should not be shown how it may be best done. No one is forced to any such undertaking, but if our correspondent has a husband who has obtained from such articles ideas of what he thinks she ought to do, and expresses them unpleasantly, let her use the sort of moral suasion she recommends to obtain a share of the proceeds of the farm, in keeping him in order.

There is no question about every wife being entitled to one-half of the proceeds of her husband's business when she does her duty, but unfortunately the day is not yet come when the majority of men recognize the right.—ED.

CORRECTION AND INFORMATION.—Will the editor of the HOUSEHOLD kindly allow me to correct an error in my article on poultry-raising in the BLADE of May 13? I find that it is stated that I kept 39 hens and received a profit of $47. The mistake is this: I had only 29 hens, instead of 39, which makes some difference in the story. I will also say that I sold no eggs at fancy prices, and most of the eggs brought me 12½ cents per dozen, and a part of the fowls 5 cents per pound. I wish to say to Mrs. Jay Finch that I have kept no account of brown leghorn eggs separate from the rest, as I have no yarded fowls, nor did I write about my poultry to arouse any spirit of rivalry, even to advertise, as I am simply a farmer's wife, and only gave my experience to show what a woman did. This year I have gathered 105 dozens of eggs from 39 hens from the middle of March to June 1, beside setting 15 hens and hatching 113 chicks, without the aid of incubators. I say all this in fear of the waste basket and the ladies that so openly speak their dislike of this detested hen question.

However, I am no crank on this subject, and you would think so if you could see the lovely tidies I have just finished, and also the rugs made from old carpetings. I had several pieces of rag carpet, and it all occurred to me what to do with them one day while house-cleaning. After experimenting a while, I found out how to make a thing of beauty out of the hideous pile. I took the brightest and best, and cleanest pieces, and cut strips lengthwise. I had drawing a thread of warp to keep the strip even. The strips were 1½ inches wide. I then drew out threads of warp on each side leaving 5 or 6 threads in the center to hold it together. I managed to have two different kinds fringed in this manner. When I had about 50 yards, I took a stout sack, sacked as small for center, and sewed the strips upon it. Commencing at one side I sewed one strip upon it straight through the center, afterward removing remainder of carpet warp. Then I took another piece and turned the edge of stitched piece back and placed the next as close as I could get it and proceeded as before. One could make a beautiful and crimpy looking rug in this manner as close as any made with any rug machine you ever saw, and it is all so cheap and inexpensive that any one with some old carpetings and sewing machine can fringe and make a lovely rug in a little while. The size of your rug will depend on the colors of your carpeting and your way of arranging the stripes. I find one made from two different patterns, preserving the order of stripe a few inches of each kind, is very pretty and looks like crazy work that has been so much in vogue. So will some one try this and report and tell us how to make a neat and pretty border?—MRS. M. S. PAUL.

SOCIAL MATTERS.—I have something to say upon the social matter. To talk upon the subject I must be personal. I think, "Our lives are what we make them," at the same time, our associates, and their habits very often make our every-day life what we wouldn't make them, "In Rome we do as Rome does." Unless we do, we become the laughing oddity in social meetings." It is strange even in our little social circles we are the butt of criticisms, some of us severely, enviously, over dress, accomplishments or beauty. We never "put ourselves in another's place." We are always the faultless? Those who are timid are pitied, laughed at and ridiculed. There is no congeniality between us in our elevating or intellectual conversations; no good literature to discuss. We perhaps have a small town library which consists of Dickens, George Eliot, Thackeray, Holmes, Ree's and the Waverly novels, etc., and very often our parents object to our reading these. No part in politics, either. O, woman, woman! the narrowness of your life! Because we laugh and talk with gentlemen, and like their society, we are criticised by our sister sex, even in the HOUSEHOLD.

Men consider women to be very calm and happy generally, but women feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties and a field for their efforts as much as their brothers do. They suffer from a too rigid restraint, too absolute a stagnation precisely as men would suffer. It is thoughtless to condemn them, or to laugh at them if they seek to do more, or learn more than custom has pronounced necessary for this sex. It is narrow-minded in short men privileged to follow features to say they ought be satisfied. What can't we as capable of deep and heroic thought as man?

"A diamond is lost on a turnpike, a man goes along the turnpike searching for it, a woman searching for it also, turns vaguely off into a field, giving no logical reason for her course, and—finds it."

Readers of the HOUSEHOLD, it will be of some interest to you, perhaps, to learn of a new club—an organized club for girls only. We have in ours 35 members, and allow no members under 14. It includes all our girls in town and a few in the neighboring country. Our society is a charity. We girls don't know who need our help, help each other, and go out one eveuing of each week, when wanted, and sew carpet rags for any family in town. Our regular business meeting is held every Friday evening, and each member takes pieces enough to make a block each evening. We piece a quilt and give to each member of the society alphabetically. We call ourselves "Willing Workers," have given one festival for the benefit of the Sabbath-schools, and received congratulations from all who attended for our work and ingenuity. We pledge ourselves not to talk about others. Its tendency is to elevate, to make congeniality, unity between all. It is a grand society. It is in vain to say human beings ought to be satisfied with tranquility. They must have action "and they will make it" if they can't find it.

Millions are condemned to a stiller doom than ours, and millions are in silent revolt against their lot. Nobody knows how many rebellions besides political rebellions ferment in the masses of life that people earth. Cordially, DELLA AMOS, Garden Grove, Iowa.

Inquiries

Will the lady who wrote about making bread to sell, in the May 20th number of the BLADE, please answer a few questions for the benefit of others who would like to try the same thing? Will she give her method of making hop yeast bread; also, what conveniences she had for making and baking, and if she thinks it would be better to be in a larger than a small town in order to get custom for such work? There are a great many women, I think, who would be glad to do such work if they knew just how to go about it, and a great many more who would prefer to buy rather than make, especially through the hot weather.—M. M. S.

Can any body tell me how to make good black ink, black as jet? I do not want writing fluid that is pale to begin with and ending up with a solid black line. I have been greatly tried buying ink which is always poor and pale.—FARMER'S WIFE.

Will some one send us some nice pattern for making black silk lace for trimming black silk dresses, and the number of silk to use?—MRS. M. F. BALL.

Will Mrs. H. Hay, of Coshocton, O., tell how she got boracic acid in powdered form for the use of an ulcerated ear? I bought some boracic acid, but it is in small crystals, and the druggist said it could not be made into the form of powder. I am very anxious to learn more about the cure from Mrs. Hay. Her answer to some one was in the BLADE several weeks ago, concerning a cure of a running ear of long standing. —READER.

Will some one tell which is the cheapest kind of white paint to paint granaries, fences, etc., with? Also tell how to make printing ink.—J. E. BAGGSTROM, Thorson, Neb.

Will some reader of the BLADE please tell me of a healthy locality for nervous invalids? Would also like to hear from some one who has tried Compound Oxygen and with what results? I would also like to know if living in high altitudes affects the nervous system?—NEBRASKA READER.

Will somebody please give a sure cure for tapeworm? Can anybody inform me in what parts of Michigan fever and ague is most prevalent? In what other state does it prevail to so great an extent as in Michigan, and what localities?—MRS. G. H. D.

Some one said she would give cure for eczema of the scalp of that hard, scaly kind. I have suffered torture for the last four years, and it any one knows a cure please send it, as every remedy has failed thus far.—MRS. P.

Will some one give plain directions for knitting or crocheting silk mitts with short fingers? How much silk is required for one pair, what size is best, etc? Would prefer a crocheted pattern if they do not stretch too badly.—MRS. B. E. S.

Will some one tell me how I can color cotton carpet rags red, green, blue, pink and yellow that will be permanent colors? —MRS. M. E. L., Carrollton, Md.

Will some one please to give me a full and correct description of the pure Plymouth Rock chickens? Friends are anxiously waiting for S. H. Van Doren, D. D., Goodwin, Ill., to give his promised description of a home-made incubator. Will it yet be given? Will "Fannie Field" give her address through the BLADE, or by mail, for private correspondence, to Mrs. Wm. Roberts, Alpena, Alpena county, Mich?

Answers to Inquiries.

Letters are received by the editor of the HOUSEHOLD almost every day asking about the reliability of some firm advertising to give employment to women. It is impossible to answer advisedly, as any one can see after a moments thought, but by writing to the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, 74 Division street, Boston, Mass., the information asked for can be obtained gratuitously. This association was formed for the protection of working women, and to prevent their being imposed upon by such advertisements. Those having it in charge make it their business to find out as to the reliability of these firms, and this noble work is done free of charge to the members of the HOUSEHOLD cut this address out and preserve it carefully.—ED.

Would Mrs. E. C. B. be so kind as to send the cough mixture recipe that she sent to the BLADE Feb. 12, 1885? I lost my paper that had the recipe in. I would like to have the recipe again.—E. S. A.

Requests to have something re-published because the paper containing it has been lost are very frequent. We are always glad to oblige, but it is a little unjust to take up space with repetition because of the carelessness of some one among thousands of readers. Would it not be much better to cut out anything which seems likely to be useful sometime and put it in a scrap-book where it can be found when wanted? —ED.

How should a letter be directed to reach "Our Young Folks."—MISS NELLIE ROCKWELL, Baker City, Ore.

Simply "BLADE," Toledo, O., and then mark Young Folks upon inclosure.—ED.

Chickens should be fed sulphur at least once a week, this to prevent packing of the craw. Prevention is cheaper than cure. In feeding soft feed be sure it is well cooked. Feed no raw corn meal nor corn chop. Either of these to be suitable for fowls, needs soaking 24 hours.

Nothing is better for young chickens than sour milk curd. Do not allow your growing chicks to waste digestive force on raw food. The more food consumed the faster is growth made. Feed your chicks as often as their craws are empty, which will be five or six times a day where cooked food is used.

"Discouraged Woman:" It is likely your chicken premises are infected with cholera. Have your chicken run plowed up, whitewash all buildings with a wash in which is carbolic acid. If the chicken run is around the stable it can not be plowed. Burn out the stable, and then put a rabbit on plowed ground, and where it can be plowed once a year at least.

Laying hens are often troubled with looseness of the bowels. To cure and prevent this, feed boiled milk. A little ginger in soft feed is good. Any looseness of the bowels tends toward cholera. As a morning feed for chickens, nothing is better than bran and shorts scalded in milk. If it can be soaked over night, so much the better. This is fine feed both for growing chicks and laying hens.—E. J. M., Langford, Boulder Co., Colo.

"Violet" wants to know what will make a person fleshy. Drink warm sweet milk often, and drink a glass at night before retiring. To make the hair grow, take equal parts of tincture of lobelia and sweet oil, and use as hair oil.—M. E. S.

Recipes.

Good Wedding Cake.—Take 24 eggs, 3 lbs. of butter, 3 lbs. of sugar, 4 lbs. of flour, 4 lbs. of currants, 2 lbs. of raisins, 2 gills of rose water, 2 nutmegs, 1 oz. of mace, ¼ lb. of citron; bake slowly two hours.

Our Plum Pudding.—1 cupful of suet chopped fine, 1 cupful of molasses, 1 cupful of milk, 1 cupful of seeded raisins, 4 cupfuls of flour. Boil in a covered dish 3 or 4 hours; serve with sauce.—MINA.

Cream Pie.—1 cup sugar, the yolk of 2 eggs, ½ cup flour, 1 pt. milk; beat flour with eggs and sugar; heat the milk, add the eggs, flour and sugar; stir while boiling thoroughly, add teaspoonful extract lemon. Beat whites to a stiff froth, add 2 tablespoonfuls white sugar and spread on top of pie and bake 2 minutes. To be baked with one crust, having first baked the crust separately. This makes one large pie.—MRS. NORMAN W. PUTNAM.

The HOUSEHOLD has received inquiries in regard to keeping gold fish, and to answer them, the following directions from "Feathered World" are given:

Cover the bottom of the aquarium with clean, coarse sand to the depth of about one inch and a half. Avoid fine sand and soil. Insert the plants with a stone over each bush to prevent their disturbance by the fish. In a few days when the plants show that they are thriving, by the production of oxygen bubbles, put in the fish, not before. Beware of the common fault of putting in too many fish, and be careful as to the admission of sticklebacks, injurious insects, etc. Some beetles are very destructive to fish. Never give the fish bread. In good condition they require no feeding; but a pinch of dry fish food, broken into minute pieces with the finger and thumb, is good for them. They are very fond of it, and will soon take it from the fingers whence called. If forgotten, no harm will follow. Do not let the aquarium remain in a strong sunshine or glare of light. A position between two windows is the best. If in a window, the light should be regulated with the blind or frosted glass. In addition to the rooted plants, it is well to have a few of the rounded-leaved water plants floating on top. The water in my aquarium has not been changed in twelve months. I simply add a little from time to time to make up diminution by evaporation. If the fish remain near the surface, gasping for air, it is a proof either that the aquarium is overstocked with fish or that the plants are not growing healthy, some of the foregoing rules being broken. It is well to have a few water snails in the aquarium. A sponge fastened to a stick will suffice to cleanse the interior sides, leaving the side next to the light uncleansed, whereby the light is qualified. Once fairly started, there is no trouble whatever.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

AMO, IND.
Bessie Jester,
Bonnie Brown,
Gertie Mason,
Ollie Crews,
Katie Justice,
Minnie McCarty,
Hattie Watson,
Nora Whicker,
Willie Matthews,
Albert Mason,
Willie Marshall,
Mortier Jordon,
Freddie Mason,
William Marten,
Albert Vaughan,
Sylvia Marten,
Hattie Masten,
Jennie Peence,
Viola Shields,
Bertha Fincher,
Edna Atkins,
Katie Matthews,
Ella Harlan,
Anna Kersey,
BUCKSVILLE, PA.
Nettie M Brown,
NO PLACE GIVEN,
Evelyn McBain,
Frank Knitten,
Elliott Knitten,
George Wright,
Arthur B McBain,
Bertha Efner,
Hezekiah Powers,
Maud McBain,
Laura McBain,
Ina C Miller,
Chas H McBain,
BASSETT, W. VA.
Ida Barnes,
BIRMINGHAM, KY.
Geo Eppihelmer,
Renos Barnett,
Rome Barnett,
Osa Barnett,
Rudolph Barnett,
Jas Taylor,
Willie Taylor,
Jas Bukrey,
Willy Howard,
Johnny Bulger,
Arthur Griffith,
Dan Frizzell,
FORLESVILLE, O.
Minnie Wilson,
Artie Wilson,
Chas Basham,
Ernest Basham,
CORINTH, KAN.
Chas G Dillon,
Jules D Dillon,
Scott Dillon,
Geo Wright,
Elmer L Shafer,
Effie E Mize,
Elgin M Standley,
ALTOONA, PA.
Molly Legbie,
Bertha Carns,
Lottie Doach,
Minnie Thomas,
Gertie McGregor,
Alice Rhodes,
Nettie Rhodes,
Carrie Davis,
Eva D Shavery,
Ida Douchbery,
Bessie Haines,
Roy Dougherty,
Saml McGregor,
Willie McGregor,
Chas Bailey,
Willie Kneifer,
Eddie Thomas,
Willie Height,
EYLER, ILL.
Eddie Nash,
MORESHEAD, KAN.
Sallie Thomas,
Letha Clements,
Laura Bowser,
Dollie Bowker,
G Hardenbergh,
Ira Hardenbergh,
Annie Tout,
Harley Tout,
Milly Tout,
Roma Stroud,
Emma Stroud,
Dora Hacker,
Charley Blair,
Bertie Jones,
Angie Alexander,
AUBURN, KAN.
Emmet Riggin,
Walter Riggin,
Homer Riggin,
BLAIRSTOWN, IA.
Willie Byfield,
Joe Weinland,
Willie Simmons,
Frank Shinn,
Thad Bassett,
Earl Barnes,
Willie Hahn,
Willie Gessking,
Frank Spicer,
Chas Ellyson,
Rex Hawkins,
Chas Asch,
Frank Ehred,
George Asch,
Frank Folt,
Willie Frantz,
Johnnie Russell,
Claude Stoker,
Freddie Russell,
Chas Voss,
Adrian Trout,
Jessie Shreeves,
Mary Johnson,
Jennie Hawkins,
Bertha Coun,
Lizzie Tangeman,
Alice Vail,
Lily Hedric,
Jessie Wise,
Lulu Bell,
Lola Hahn,
May Goss,
Lizzie Goss,
Carrie Henry,
May Barney,
Ida Hahn,
Gracie Rippey,
Julia Hahn,
Bessie Green,
Eva Hutton,
Sadie Nauman,
Tillie Johnson,
Nellie Hawkins,
Gertie Nisley,
Emma Nisley,
Hattie Sanders'n,
Lizzie F Pierce,
WAYNESVILLE, O.
J E McDonald,
H Colley,
Bertie Bates,
Elsie Bates,
Walter Skaggs,
Walter Skaggs,
Fred Bates,
James Nichols,
Lucian Nichols,
Harry Nichols,
Ella A Lord,
Charley Mitchel,
Charles Rayl,
BLUFFTON, N. Y.
Nellie G VanTuyl,
Cora Casterline,
Lena Casterline,
Nellie Heck,
Mary Brown,
NEOSHO FALLS, KAN.
Georgie Hath'wy,
Quincy Hatfield,
GREEN RIER, TEN.
Sidney Hawk,
Fred Raven,
H Woodruff,
Mollie Cook,
Luther Cook,
Angeline Cole,
Johnny Cole,
Ella Cole,
May Andrus,
Lydia Andrus,
Freddie Andrus,
Orren C Andrus,
Charlie Shaw,
Eddie Hinkle,
NEWVILLE, IND.
Charley Frost,
Frank Freeburn,
PRESCOTT, KAN.
Basil M Billings,
Oscar B Billings,
Ernest Fillings,
Ida M Roy,
Francis Roy,
Robert Roy,
Perry Roy,
Charley Caleman,
Harry Doleman,
Nellie Usleman,
Grace E Harrold,
Mary D Harrold,
Elim Harrold,
Mary Hopkins,
Ezra A Hopkins,
Murt A Hopkins,
Lulu Rice,
Cora B Rice,
Freddie Rice,
Charley Rice,
Perry Cannon,
Ruby Cannon,
J C Billings,
Andrew Morrell,
Charley Morrell,
Thos Morrell,
Claude Le Master
Novel Le Master,
Jas L Tilman,
Lily A Tilman,
Lizzie Wright,
Minnie Richmire,
L C Kinkin,
Fannie Adams,
Lottie Nisley,
May Russell,
Ettie Hahn,
Jessie Wise,
Jessie Frenzel,
Carrie Vail,
Jennie Wise,
Fannie Adams,
Lizzie Goss,
Carrie Henry,
May Barney,
Ida Hedric,
Julia Hahn,
Bessie Green,
Eva Hutton,
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Ella Cole,
May Andrus,
Lydia Andrus,
Freddie Andrus,
Orren C Andrus,
Charlie Shaw,
Eddie Hinkle,
NEWVILLE, IND.
Charley Frost,
Frank Freeburn,
Albert Powers,
Bertie Bowers,
Milton McKenzie,
John Mahler,
Willie Mahler,
Walter Allison,
Johnnie Allison,
Daniel Sanders,
John Sanders,
Clarence Law,
Clyde Johnson,
H A Cowell,
Fred Miller,
Edwin Lawson
WAUKON, IA.
May E Newell,
BEXAR, O.
Clyde Freeburn,

Names this week, 291. Total, 8,432.

The following explains itself. The "Young Folks" gladly make room for the two pretty songs:

In our family we have had a habit of family literary exercises. My little boy and girl have written some quite respectable verse and child stories, especially the former. I send you two little specimens, the first written when Mary was eleven, the other when she was fourteen. She knows nothing of it, and will not unless you publish it in the "Young Folks" department.

THE CREEK IN THE WOODS.

I gurgle along,
Softly singing my song,
With the cool morning shade,
In my moss-covered glade,
For I am the creek in the woods.

The sweet briar rose,
In her easy repose,
Lets her beautiful tips,
Bend o'er to my lips,
For I am the creek in the woods.

The dear birdies sing,
And make the woods ring,
They drink from my fount,
Perched on twig or on limb,
For I am the creek in the woods.

THE ANGEL OF SLUMBER.

The white winged angel of slumbe
Is floating through the land,
Wrapping in mystical silence—
Forest and prairie and town.

Beautiful angel of slumber,
From her angelic hand,
Scattering sleep as she wanders
Noiselessly over the land.

Sleep and silence and darkness,
Falling like heaven-sent dew,
Soothing the sick and the weary,
Giving them courage anew.

MARY.

BUBBLE BOWLING.

BY ADELIA B. BEARD.

"Nothing new in bubbles! Every one knows how to blow bubbles!" Of course they do, and yet, the game I am about to describe is an entirely new and very interesting one.

When the game of Bubble Bowling was played for the first time, it furnished an evening's entertainment, not only for the children, but for grown people also; even a well-known General and his staff, who graced the occasion with their presence, joined in the sport, and seemed to enjoy it equally with their youthful competitors. Louder as the chorus of "Bravo!" and merry the laugh of exultation when the pretty crystal ball passed safely through its goal, and sympathy was freely expressed in many an "Oh!" and "Too bad!" as the wayward bubble rolled gayly off toward the floor, or, reaching the goal, dashed itself against one of the stakes and instantly vanished into thin air.

Bubble parties are delightful, as most children know from experience, and it is unnecessary, therefore, to give a description of them here. I propose merely to introduce bubble bowling as a feature in these entertainments, which furnish no end of amusement and jol

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

SILO—ENSILAGE.—Will you be good enough to let me know the meaning of ensilage and silo, as I cannot find those words in my dictionary (Johnson's). I also would like to know the construction and benefit of it for the farmer's use. I would be very glad to see the reply in your next week's issue.—S. B., Fayetteville, N. C.—[A silo is a cistern or vat, air and water-tight on the bottom and sides, with an open top, constructed of masonry or concrete. It may be square, rectangular, round or oval in shape, with perpendicular sides, used to store, in their green state, forage crops, such as corn, sorgho, rye, oats, millet, Hungarian grass, clover, and all grasses. The forage is cut and taken directly from the field, run through a cutter, which cuts it into pieces less than half an inch in length, and trampled down solidly in the silo, and subject to heavy and continous pressure. The structure is the silo, which may be above ground, or entirely below the surface of the ground. The fodder preserved in silos is ensilage.—ED.]

ONIONS.—A subscriber writes to know what quantity of onions may be raised to the acre. This depends upon the soil and cultivation. From 300 to 400 bushels may be raised under proper care and on good soil.—ED.

LUMPS ON JAW.—In answer to Edward Murphy in last week's BLADE, the types made the liquid for injection read "burnt alum and borax of lead," etc. It should have read "burnt alum and borax, of each a tablespoonful," etc.—ED.

SPECIFIC OPHTHALMIA.—I have a valuable horse that has a film, or what is commonly called a white "scum," growing over his eye-ball. At times it is so thick as to prevent his seeing; at other times it almost disappears. I do not think the sight is injured. Can the editor of the FARM, or some of the readers, tell me what to do for it?—NEWTON LUCAS, Mound's Station, Illinois. [This seems to be specific ophthalmia, which is very prevalent in the west. Absolute cure cannot be promised. It occurs from time to time, and the result is a formation of a cataract. Commence treatment by giving one drachm potassium iodide, half pint of water. Mix. Give this as a dose in a bran mash or from a bottle. Repeat it three times a day for a fortnight. Feed bran mashes, green food, roots, etc. During active inflammation bathe the eyes for an hour each day with hot water. When the inflammation has subsided use this lotion: Nitrate of silver, five grains; water, one ounce. Mix. Take a camel's hair brush and brush the lotion right across the eye-ball, once a day, for a week or so, to remove the cloudiness. Keep the animal in a dark place with plenty of water to drink during the treatment.—ED.]

POLLED ANGUS CATTLE.—Can you or some of your readers give me some information about the Polled Angus cattle? Are they larger or smaller than the Durham? Do they mature young? What are their strong points as stock raisers, and where can they be procured? What is the average price?—S. T. Bowen, Washington Territory. [This is a breed not largely introduced to America, but is much thought of in Scotland. There have always been Polled cattle in Angus. The country people in Scotland call them humlies, or nodded cattle. Their origin is so remote that no account can be given of their introduction into England. They are hornless, and they are docile and easily managed. The greater part of them are black, or with a few white spots. The next general color is yellow, comprehending the brindle, dark red and silver-colored yellow. They are a valuable breed. As milkers they are not as highly esteemed as some others, but their flesh is excellent, and they are remarkable for their fattening qualities. The Durham is larger. Cannot say where they are sold in this country, nor can we give the price.]

TO KEEP EGGS.—Can you or some one please tell me how to keep eggs from spoiling through the summer?—SUBSCRIBER, Glenville, Neb. [Some prefer to cover the eggs with spirit varnish, while others prefer the lime preservative. Spirit varnish for preserving eggs is made by dissolving gum shellac in alcohol, and to make a thin varnish. Coat eggs with this, and pack, little end down, so that they cannot move, in bran, sawdust or sand, the sand being best. Weatever is used for packing should be clean and dry. For preserving eggs in lime, a pickle is made of the best stone lime, fine, clean, salt, and water enough to make a solution by dissolving about 60 or 65 gallons of water, six or eight quarts of salt, and a bushel of lime are used. The lime should be slacked with a portion of the water, the salt and the remainder of the water is added, stir at intervals, and when the pickle is cold and sediment has settled, dip or draw off the liquid off into tank or cask in which the eggs are to be preserved. When only a few eggs are to be pickled, a stone jar will do. The following is a recipe for packing in salt: Cover the bottom of a keg, cask, jar, or whatever you wish to pack in, with a layer of fine salt two inches deep; upon this place the eggs, small end down, and far enough apart so that they will not touch each other on the sides of the receptacle; then put on another layer of eggs, and so on, until the package is full. This is considered a good recipe for housekeepers or for those who have only a small number to pack for market.

PEKIN DUCKS.—I would like to ask the editor what it is that ails my Pekin ducks. They seem lively but get very thin; can't walk, but they try to walk the tumble over, and at last get so that they can't stand up. Then their feet extend directly back. They eat good and seem well, only they don't grow as fast as the well ones.—L., Sterling, Pa. [You may be feeding your ducks on too much highly concentrated food. There should be a sufficiency of phosphates or bone in the food. Give them a sufficiency of bone meal in their food, or give a pill to each duck every other morning for a week composed of phosphate of lime, 6 grains, sulphate of quine, one-half grain. Put Dougias's mixture in their drinking water, the formula of which has been given several times in the BLADE. Keep the pen, not the formula for the mixture named, put a little lump of lime in their drinking water two or three times a week. Burnt bones, pulverized, are excellent to put in food to give strength.

GERMINATION OF SEEDS.—Will you please give a reliable list of the length of time that the different kinds of seeds will retain their germinative powers? Would like to correspond with some of the readers of the BLADE from different parts of Tennessee and West Virginia as to climate, soil, timber, water, temperature, health, price and demand for labor, fruit crops, how a Northern man is received, etc. Also price of cattle, horses and mules.—[According to the report of the Ohio agricultural experiment station, most flower seeds have but little vitality after four years, and many of them will not germinate after they are kept three years. Some vegetable seeds celery did not germinate after three years. Cucumber seeds at two years old showed sprouting vitality of 48 per cent.; tomatoes, four years old, sprouted 50 per cent.; beet seed, Bassano, three years old, sprouted 20 per cent.; white sugar beet, five years old, sprouted 10 per cent. The report concludes as follows: Just how long seeds kept under ordinary circumstances will retain their vitality can only be determined by a long series of tests. Investigations in this direction have already been begun.

CAN ANY ONE TELL?—Can any dairyman or butter dealer give any reason for butter turning white in streaks and spots after being packed several weeks? I know of several packages made in 1885 that became so that was made by persons of 25 years' experience who never saw anything like it before. The process of making from the beginning was with the utmost care and cleanliness. We can assign no reason for it unless the salt was adulterated with something that bleached the butter but caused no bad odor. An anxious to know the cause.—A. B., Minden, N. Y.

THREE QUESTIONS.—How can one tell that an egg is fertile—that is, will be likely to hatch? Is saltpetre good for horses? What will destroy lice on hogs, and effectually eradicate worms from them—worms that infest their bowels? [To ascertain if eggs are fertile, examine them after incubation has commenced, with an egg-tester, or with a piece of thick brown paper rolled up like a funnel, with large end just large enough to fit closely around the egg when placed against it sidewise. Hold the egg between the thumb and forefinger of the hand, then bring the smaller end of the funnel to the eye, and look at the egg, holding the latter toward a strong light. The unfertile egg will look quite clear all the way through, while the fertile ones will show a dark opaque spot near the center, becoming clearer toward the edges. Saltpetre is a very valuable thing at times for horses, but should not be given unless the horse needs it, and then it should be given in an intelligent way, as it may do harm. To kill the lice on hogs, wash them with soap and water, then sponge with crude petroleum, and give daily for some days, one-fourth drachm copperas in the food. If any lice remain, apply an ointment of Scotch snuff and lard to the infested parts. For worms in bowels, take of flour of sulphur, half an ounce; nitrate of potash, one drachm; charcoal, a tablespoonful. Mix and give in a bran mash twice a day, every other day for a week.—ED.

BLOOD SPAVIN.—What ails my colt? His hocks are puffed up like it might be blood spavin, and feel very soft. Give a cure.—J. W. A., Fredericksburg, Ind. [Let the puff alone at present. He will grow out of it.—ED.]

SUCKING COW.—In the BLADE is a recipe for curing a cow from sucking herself, straight bit in the mouth, etc. Just as the BLADE came to hand it was discovered that a half-blood Alderny cow, with first calf two weeks old, was sucking herself. The remedy was applied at once, but with a common snapple bit, which proved to be no good. A straight bit was then applied, with no better effect. She seemed to suck herself on both sides as well with as without it. A frame of wood was then put on her neck, to prevent her turning her head, which, so far, has effectually prevented the mischief. The bit is recommended by J. E. Brooks, Greenfield, Iowa, and endorsed by the editor, but it don't keep a West Virginia cow from sucking herself. If anyone else has a more refined remedy than my "rack," I would be glad to know it, as the cow is the pride of the family.—D. T. C. FASSOW, Murphy's Mills, W. Va. [As we understood Mr. Brooks, although his mode of applying the bridle and bit were not as clear as it might have been made was this: The bridle was placed upon the cow with the bit in her mouth. The rein was passed back through rings in a strap in front of the shoulders. Another strap was put on the cow back of the shoulders. On both sides of the cow a strap was attached to the straps around the body to keep than from slipping, and a uniform distance apart. The rein passes through the rings in the strap in front of the shoulders through a ring in the strap back of the shoulders. On the strap are knots to prevent it going only so far on either side through the ring on the strap back of the shoulders. Now you see the cow may turn her head in any direction, graze, etc., but just so soon as she attempts to reach around to suck herself the strap passes only to the knot and to use the parlance of the street, she "can't get there." If your alderney were treated in the way named she would have all night to reflect on how the thing was done. A West Virginia cow that can beat some of her Western sisters in cunning when she sucks herself must be pretty smart, but the halter, bridle and straps will beat them every time.—ED.]

SICK COLT.—My colt is very stupid when it lies down, it can hardly get up; it walks stiff like a foundered horse; matter runs from its eyes; it urinates very often; it suckles very little; drinks water for half an hour. The colt is four weeks old.—CHAS. DUNNEL, Kemp, Ill.—[In a case of this kind we cannot recommend a medicine that would do any good. The colt may have constitutional disarrangement, or may be suffering from drinking the milk of the mare which may be impure. See that the mare is all right, and feed on milk-producing food. If you have a veterinary near by, you should have his services.—ED.]

Will some one please to tell me what to do for my cherry trees? The under side of the leaves are covered with black lice. Is there any remedy for them?—C. L. ALGEN, Milan, Mich. [To four gallons of water add one pound of soft soap, half a pound of common sulphur, two ounces of tobacco and one ounce of black pepper. Sprinkle the leaves. This remedy was given in the BLADE a couple of weeks ago.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

SEEDLING STRAWBERRIES.—Seeing in the BLADE inquiries about seedling strawberries, I will give my humble mite of information. Last June I planted seed, and I now have nice, fine berries, transplanted in September. The berries are quite large, finer than the original—nicer berries than I ever obtained from plants otherwise. Will answer further inquiries through your valuable paper.—A SUBSCRIBER, Evans, Ill.

STRIPED BUGS.—I see in the last issue of the BLADE some one wanted to know how to keep the striped bugs from destroying vines. I know the way is to take mosquito netting, cut into squares of about twenty inches. Take willow or any other small wythes, cut about two feet long, for an arch over the hills, and spread the netting over the wythes, and you have a sure thing. Try it and see.—H. BALDWIN, Coldwater, Mich.

Received.

"The Winter Care of Horses and Cattle; The Most Humane Treatment," by T. B. Terry, Medina, Ohio. Published by A. J. Root. Price 40 cents. Embraces matter relative to shelter, comfort, feeding, watering, care, exercise, hay, grasses, straw, feed, manures, cows, barns, etc.

"The Southern Planter," devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Live Stock and the Household. O'Farral & Co., proprietors; W. C. Knight, editor. Published at Richmond, Va. This monthly contains 32 pages and has a variety of fresh, crisp matter that should receive for it an increased patronage. It is an old and deserving publication as the subjects are such as to meet the needs of the thousands of those who are interested in the things upon which it treats.

Report on agricultural colleges and experimental farm stations, with suggestions relating to experimental agriculture in Canada, by Prof. William Saunders, F. R. S. C. Ottawa: McMillan, Rogers & Co. This pamphlet contains a fund of information on matters relating to agriculture, horticulture, forestry, etc., of much value.

Are You Troubled With Any of Them?

EDITOR FARM:—If the BLADE readers who have inquired for a preventative for bugs, worms, etc., on cucumber vines, squash vines, tomatoes, melons, etc., will plant a couple or three good rank healthy onions in the hill along with the plants that they are troubled about, they will get rid of these pests effectually.

If those troubled with any kind of thistle wish to get rid of them, will pour about a gill of crude patroleum on the top, just at the ground, it will kill it effectually and forever, as there is no plant that grows out of the earth that can or will stand crude petroleum, and live.

If those troubled with rats will get a good shooter and shoot a few of them, leaving them lie "where they fell" to feed to other rats, will keep the blood dry and not wipe it up for a few days, the rest will skip the premises for three or four months at least, and you will once more "have peace."—R. P. BLACK, Parker's Landing, Pema.

Horse-Shoeing.

EDITOR FARM:—I have seen a good deal in the papers of late in regard to bad shoeing of horses and colts, and do not think they have given each one of us our due. In regard to the way things are done, if a person has a job of work done, and it is done satisfactorily and well, he cannot expect that one shoeing is going to last a horse the whole year round, with no bad results. I have shod horses for twenty years, and I am sure that have their horses shod when they ought to are satisfied; but where shoes have remained on for six months, and the feet grown out and caused corns, curse the shoer for poor work; and most of the bad shoeing is just such work. For fear of making trouble I will sign myself—ONE OF THE BLACKSMITHS, Alamo, Mich.

A Gloomy Outlook.

EDITOR FARM:—I hope you will not object to a colored subscriber using a small space in your valuable paper. We are farmers, will say practical ones. Our last year's crop was 24 bales of cotton, and 285 bushels of corn. Our rent is one-third the crop, but this year it will not be so, as the ground is covered with water, and there are ten breaks in the levee within a mile of my house. We bought two mules last year. This year we are compelled to mortgage them for supplies. Our bill, so far, is $60 and gracefully ascending, and with no prospect of a crop to pay it, it can be easily seen which way "them mules" are going. Hundreds are in the same fix. Very few better off—some worse. Col. Blanton Duncan, of Mississippi, has well said that "to-day they are a mass of paupers." The levee broke April 19.—WILLIAM JONES, Helena, Ark.

Oil From Indian Corn.

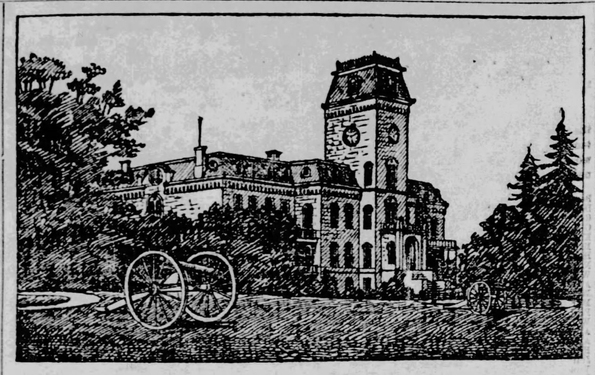
Dr. Fermelr, Welsburg, Ind., sends the following: "The expressing of oil from Indian corn is a new industry that has been commenced in St. Louis, and the product promises to be a successful rival to the best vegetable oils. From a bushel of corn, costing 35 cents, a gallon of clear amber oil is obtained, worth 75 cents, and the solid substance remaining is said to be a better article of animal food than any of the oil cakes now on the market. If anticipations in regard to the business are realized, the farmer will be enabled to obtain a good price for his corn and feed it to his stock afterward."

The above is from the Baltimore *Market*, of May 22, and shows that our farmers would not need to be afraid of a market for their corn, if the manufacturing of whisky from corn would be stopped.

The Hop Crop.

MILWAUKEE, June 12.—D. W. Small, the heaviest hop-raiser in the state, being asked about the prospects for the crop, says:

"My hops are looking nicely, and the early crop will probably be ready for picking in August. They will be later than usual. The May and June frosts have done them no damage. I don't believe there are 50 acres of hops in the state this year. Hundreds of acres were ploughed up last fall, because there was no market for hops at any kind of remunerative prices. I have two crops stored, and look for better prices this year. One of the reasons for my belief is the apparent failure of the Australian hop crop. Last year 5,000 bales or more came from that section, and this year there are about as many hundred.



THE SOLDIERS' HOME ATWASHINGTON.

THE SOLDIERS' HOME,

And the Presidential Cottage—A Comfortable Resting Place for Indigent and Retired Soldiers—The Prospective Home of a Some Day Retired President.

Perhaps the most beautiful of the many pleasant environs of the national capital is the Soldiers' Home, which lies about three miles from the city, on the Rock Creek road. Though the "Home," situated just outside of Dayton, O., is much larger, it does not compare with this in the beauty of its surroundings, its financial standing, or its historical associations. To Gen. Winfield Scott belongs the honor of founding this, the first institution of the kind ever established in America, and in 1874 the board of commissioners recognized his services to the Home by erecting a bronze statue to his memory on one of the highest points of the estate. Launt Thomson was the sculptor, and it cost $18,000, which was paid out of the permanent fund of the institution.

The original purpose of the Home, as given by Gen. Scott, was to found a retreat for the needy and disabled veterans of the Mexican war, but soon after it was opened the scope was widened, and its inmates now include soldiers of every war of the United States since that of 1812. Only one man is there, however, who served in the second war with England—Travis Evans—who is now in the hospital, and is nearly ninety-five years old. The bill for the erection of the building was passed in 1851, soon after the close of the war with Mexico, but it was not until 1854 that the first inmate was received. The impression has generally prevailed that the home is supported by the Government alone, no doubt owing to the fact that all moneys belonging to the institution are in the hands of the United States treasurer, and paid out by him.

But it is only in the character of trustee that he controls the funds, for the government has never appropriated anything towards its support, with the exception of $14,571.61, the balance of the $500,000 indemnity which Gen. Scott levied against the city of Mexico for the violation of a truce. This was spent in the erection of the original building, and since that time all the money used for the improvement of the place has been realized from a tax of twelve cents a month on each private and non-commissioned officer in the army, money deserted, fines imposed, and the sale of unclaimed property of deceased soldiers. This is the source of the large income of the Home, which sometimes reaches $250,000 per annum. But as the income increases, the number of inmates increase proportionately, and last year over 100 new derricals were registered. The place is now filled to its utmost capacity, there being over 600 resident inmates, and about 215 drawing a pension of $8 from the pension fund, r but residing outside.

THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE.

The general supervision and financial administration of the Home is vested in a board of commissioners who are appointed by the President and confirmed by Congress. This board is always selected from the highest ranking officers in the army, and at this time consists of Gen. P. H. Sheridan, president of the board, Gens. R. C. Drum, D. G. Swaim, Hollibird, Henry Murray, and H. J. Hunt. The duty of the board is to determine what laborers or servants may be employed at the Home, and six their rates of compensation, and make, from time to time, recommendations to the President for the removal or appointment of officers as from their opportunities they believe will better insure the harmonious management of the establishment.

The board have monthly meetings, examine the accounts of the treasurer and attend to other routine business. They also make an annual report to the secretary of War for the information of Congress, showing the transactions of the institution for the year. Thus it would seem that the board of commissioners are the rulers of the Home, but really the Governor, Deputy Governor and Secretary are its head. They constitute the executive government, and are also selected by the President, generally from the retired list of the army. They all reside on the grounds, and the Governor, or in his absence or disability, the Deputy Governor, has charge of the institution and command of its officers and inmates. He has power to grant admission to the Home, to discharge, fine and punish inmates for infraction of the rules, and authorize the purchase of supplies, and the payment of all pensions. He is directly responsible to the President and Congress.

The other officers have power to the same extent and in the same manner as is usual at a military garrison for the second and third in command. The officers at present stationed at the Home are Gen. Henry J. Hunt, governor; Capt. Robert Catlin, deputy governor; Capt. B. F. Rittenhouse, treasurer, and Maj C. C. Byrne, surgeon. All of them are retired officers of the army and are accomplished gentlemen. They are much thought of by the old veterans, and seem to take a real pride in advancing the interests of the institution, and keeping up a high morale amongst the men. The rules that apply to the government of the old soldiers are the same that are in use in the army, and though the officers have the power to enforce them they do not do so rigidly, but pay more attention to the comfort of those under their care than to strict discipline.

The main building is built of white marble, Norman in design, and the first of these erected. It has a frontage of about 200 feet, and in the rear a wing running back 60 feet. This building is complete in itself, and has accommodations for 200 men. In the basement is the kitchen, storerooms and the offices of the deputy governor, and on the first floor is the dining room, with accommodations for 500 men. Everything is arranged with the regularity of clockwork, each man having his own seat and allowed to occupy no other. The food is plain, but fresh and substantial, most of it being produced on the farm. There is an abundance of fruit, vegetables and milk, raised on the 140 acres that are under cultivation, and this occasions an annual saving of over $8,000. The cost per month of each inmate is only $8, including food, clothing and medical attendance.

THE ANNEX.

On the other floors of the building are the sleeping apartments, each having accommodations for from four to eight men. The furniture of the room is simple, and the apartments are kept almost painfully clean. On every floor are bath and wash rooms, furnished with every modern convenience. All of thy buildings are kept in the best of order by the inmates, and to avoid confusion the men are divided into companies, which are controlled by sergeants, who receive a small allowance for their services. There is a tall central tower to the building, and from this a splendid view of the city and surrounding country can be obtained. On the left one can see for miles down the Potomac, the waters of which gleam and glisten in the sunlight like silver, as they hurry on to join the ocean. Looking to the right the distant city lies below you, with the great white dome of the capitol, and the spires and turrets and towers pointing upward from the dense greenery in which the beautiful city is embowered.

About a hundred feet from the main building is the "President's Cottage" where, for the last quarter of a century, the Presidents of the United States were accustomed to spend some weeks of the summer. It was purchased from Riggs, the Washington banker, whose country seat it was, during the administration of Buchanan who was the first President to occupy it. Since that time Lincoln, Johnson, Hayes and Arthur have all passed a part of the hot season in the beautiful old mansion. Garfield had made all arrangements to occupy the place for the summer and it had been thoroughly renovated for his use when Guiteau's fatal bullet laid him low.

The house is very old, having been built about eighty years ago, but from its appearance one would hardly think so, as it is kept in the best of repair. It contains about eighteen rooms, all of which are quite plainly furnished, and is surrounded by a beautiful grove of giant oaks and lindens. Another President will hardly again occupy the old mansion as it is proposed to use it as an infirmary for the treatment of those inmates of the home who have only slight and non-contagious diseases. The other buildings immediately surrounding these two principal ones are the residences of the officers—beautiful Gothic cottages built of white marble—the secretary's office, the library building and the annex building lately erected.

The annex is a large brick building with long wide piazzas, and contains 24 bedrooms which are fitted up in the same style as those in the original building. Life has, of necessity, always been rather monotonous at the institution, and when the new building was planned it was determined to reserve a large room for theatrical purposes. This was neatly fitted up with a stage and four sets of scenery and can comfortably seat about 300 persons. A minstrel troupe was organized amongst the old veterans and they gave weekly performances. Occasionally amateur troupes from the city drive out and give a light comedy or opera, and Mrs. Belva Lockwood and other lecturers also speak quite often. Near the theatre is a room fitted up with billiard and bagatelle tables, and other similar games.

The library building is of brick in the Queen Anne style of architecture, and contains over 6,000 volumes, for the most part novels and light literature. It is comparatively a new feature, having been in operation only about six years, and is very popular with the men. A large number of the best magazines and newspapers are received, and a reader is appointed who every morning after breakfast reads the news to the blind and illiterate. The hospital is about half a mile from the other buildings, and the walk to it leads through the most beautiful portion of the reservation, affording a fine view of all the natural loveliness of the place. It is a specimen of artistic landscape gardening, the estate has hardly an equal in the country.

At every step a new vista of loveliness bursts upon the gaze, charming bits of meadow land, smooth stretches of road, groves of gigantic oaks, and shining little lakes nestling in the valleys, which are now green with the full flush of spring. There are 500 acres in the reservation and seven miles of magnificent roads that cost last year to keep in condition over $6,000. The hospital itself is considered all over the Union as a model of its kind. It is built of marble and fronts about 200 feet, having broad porticos on every story running entirely around the building.

THE PRESIDENT'S PURCHASE.

On the first floor of the establishment is situated the offices of the physicians of which there ase two; the steward's room and the drug dispensary. On the second floor are the dining and reading rooms, and a large ward containing sixteen beds. The floors above are occupied by single rooms of the use of patients who have to be kept quiet. The hospital has a capacity of 80 patients, and the total cost was $312,000, which sum was paid entirely out of the permanent fund of the Home. Every improvement in hospital furniture can be found here. A water elevator carries the invalids from one floor to another, reclining chairs are very widely now provided, and the most accomplished physicians that can be procured.

Pres. Cleveland will not follow in the beaten path of his predecessors who have occupied the Soldiers' Home cottage, but will be the first chief magistrate to have a home of his own near at hand. The suburban estate recently purchased by him will also be his summer residence, within a 30 minutes' drive from the White House. It is a part of a famous old country estate originally comprising 420 acres known as "Pretty Prospect." The portion purchased by the President embraces 29 acres, which was set off some years ago and called "Rosedale." The fine large stone house is beautifully located, commanding an extensive view. It is 370 feet above tide water and looks down upon the cities of Washington, Alexandria and Georgetown, with the placid Potomac and the surrounding heights and suburbs for miles around spread out in a grand panorama. The neighborhood is aristocratic.

Upon another subdivision of the original estate is a fine house erected in 1805, by Philip Barton Key, at a cost of $10,000, now occupied by Chief Engineer Henderson, of the navy, and near by is "Grassland," the beautiful place purchased by Sec. Whitney last year, for $30,000. Madam Iturbide, widow of a former Mexican Minister, owns another subdivision, and there are some fine farmes in the vicinity. One of the most delightful drives about Washington is out the Tenallytown road past this property. It will be a delightful place for the President and his young bride to spend a part of the honeymoon, though it is stated that their purpose is not to reside there much of the time this summer. Whether Grover does or does not secure a second term his new estate will be a desirable and appropriate residence for a retired President.

Drowned Her Child to Spite Her Husband.

STANFORD, Vt., June 12.—Mrs. William Sloan has for several months been extremely jealous of her husband, and the affairs of the family have been the topic of conversation among the villagers. Mr. Sloan returned from work at an early hour last evening. His little four-year-old boy, who always met him at the door, failed to do so. On going into the house he inquired for his son, and his wife said she had sent the boy on an errand. His long delay resulted in a general search for the child, whose lifeless body was found in a ditch. The body was removed to the house and laid at the feet of Mrs. Sloan. She did not show any signs of emotion or surprise, and merely said it served her husband right to inflict such a punishment on him. The cool way in which she took the matter, and also as she had refused to join in the search, led the neighbors to believe that she had committed the murder. A constable took her in custody, and shortly after being locked up she confessed to having drowned the child. Her only reason for doing so was, as she said, to spite her husband. The shock has made Mr. Sloan insane.

A Wealthy Farmer Sends His Wife to the Poorhouse.

INDIANAPOLIS, June 12.—In 1863 Henry Grove, a wealthy farmer of Hamilton county, married Miss Sarah Shaw, of Connersville, and the two came here to live. He represented himself as divorced from his first wife, who at the time of his second marriage was in the poorhouse and blind from disease. Grove died here some time ago, and his first wife sued for her part of the estate, and alleged that she had never been divorced from her husband. Certain parties took an interest in her case, and her suit was brought here on a change of venue.

The trial developed that she had never applied for the divorce granted in her name; that she knew nothing about the proceedings, and that she had been in the poorhouse for 23 years, believing she was kept there by process of law. The verdict restores her to her rights as Henry Grove's widow, and cuts the Shaw woman off without a cent of the old man's money. The case has attracted considerable attention, and shows that the blind and helpless wife has been most shamefully treated.

News of the Week.

GEN. BUTLER'S VIEWS.

Bold Ben Predicts Another War—The South Will Become Too Aggressive—Cleveland's Policy a Failure—Civil Service a Sham—Blaine as a Leader, Etc., Etc.

NEW YORK, June 12.—A Philadelphia special says:

Gen. B. F. Butler expressed himself at some length to the *Times* correspondent on the general political outlook. He branded civil service as a sham, and thought the Democrats in Congress showed a lamentable want of cohsion. He believes the next Presidential campaign will be fought as the last was, on the character of candidates and the scramble for spoils. There will, he thinks, be no third organization of consequence, as both sides will bid for the labor vote.

Taking what he called a long-range view of things, he expressed the idea that the great preponderance of the South in national councils would eventually produce discord again, but just when no man could say. He referred specially to the fact that while the South pays but one-fifth of the taxes, she dominates the presidency, the lower house, and soon will secure the senate, all on a system of representation based on a suppressed negro vote. Trouble will some day come, he believes, when the South tries to use this power to coerce the North into payment of Southern losses during the war. The conflict may not be of the sword, but will certainly be a business one, bred of taxation.

"This Southern question, I find, is forcing itself upon the Republican party through Mr. Blaine, who, I see, still seems to be the accepted leader of that organization. You must bear in mind that every generation since the foundation of the government has seen its war. Let us examine: First came the French and Indian wars; then the revolution; after it the war of 1812; the Florida war, which was followed by the conflict with Mexico, and finally the little controversy of 1861, between ourselves. The real settlement of the last seems to me to be yet ahead of us. The men on both sides who exercised an influence in the late conflict will soon have passed away. New forces and new men are coming forward, with fresh ideas and a spirit of combativeness bred in their bones.

"The mothers of the two sections are by no means satisfied with the ending of the rebellion. They have taught their sons some aggressive lessons, that, perhaps, as early as 1890, will begin to touch upon these differences between the sections in such a way as to provide for the rising generation their share of conflict. It may not be one of the sword, although everything points in that direction, but it will certainly be a business one, bred of the question of taxation, etc., of which I have spoken.

"Then again, there is another important element in all this calculation. That is what may be called the foreign-born element. Fifty-eight per cent. of the children born at the North are from parents of foreign birth. Only eleven per cent. of those in the South were born of other than native parents. These figures show how utterly impossible another native American uprising is, and what a great influence the foreign-born element of this country is to have in shaping its future destinies.

"It is singular how little is thought upon these various features of our citizenship, and their influence upon the people. There is a demand for a strong foreign policy. This feeling is growing every day. Our friend Mr. Bayard will never be likely to harm anybody, and his dilatory diplomacy is not adding his party any more than Mr. Cleveland's lack of comprehension of its needs."

"Did you ever know a President big enough to ignore the working element of his party and succeed?"

"I never did. No such man has ever yet been created; but I cannot tell what may be done in the near to-come. The fact is, severe party organization is indispensable to our welfare. It is especially true of the Democratic party that its success has been more largely due to its careful and systematic organization than to any other one thing. To break down the spirit for and respect of the authorized machinery of the party is a blow at the very life-blood struck with success to his own ambitions."

"If, then, the two parties are facing each other without courage and definite issue, is there no chance for a third organization?"

"I know now what I did not once appreciate. That is, that the laboring element of this country cannot be converted into a successful party organization. There are too many conflicting interests among them. I do not, therefore, think that there will be next time any disturbance of the contest between the two parties by a third candidate. The two organizations will bid for the laboring vote, and get it just in proportion as they are able to commend themselves to the laboring men. The laboring men have not the financial power or a local leadership of strength enough to make and keep up a separate party organization."

BLOODHOUNDS FOR APACHES.

This Is Thought to be the Only Way to Catch the Murderers.

TOMBSTONE, A. T., June 12.—The charge is again made that the Eskiminzin band, which settled in San Pedro valley, is supplying ammunition to the Apaches, who, it is expected, are quietly gathering on the Galmria mountains east of San Pedro river. The northern end of the mountains is a very rough country, and affords many natural strong-holds and secure places of rendezvous.

The latest murders by the Apaches are Thomas Hunt, well known in this section, near Harshaw, and an unknown man in San Pedro valley, six miles from Benson. The band contained eighteen well-clad bucks, all mounted on good American horses, and leading several others. As an evidence of the reckless, dare-devil manner in which Apaches roam the country, it is stated that the trail of five Indians was recently discovered within 300 yards of Fort Huachuca.

Yesterday five Mexican wood teamsters were chased by a band of Apaches from Whitestone mountains to Huachuca, seven miles distant. One Mexican was shot through the hand, and one through the leg.

The question of using bloodhounds to pursue Apaches is again being discussed. The trouble experienced by the army is not so much how to kill the Apaches as how to catch them. It is claimed that by using light flying columns, each man leading a spare horse and carrying several bloodhounds in pack saddles with each column, a trail could be pursued by night as well as by day, and the Indians would thus inevitably be brought to bay. Such a plan has received the approval of old army officers, and it is hoped that Gen. Miles will give it a trial. The fear is that the secretary of war might characterize such a mode of warfare as inhuman.

The summer rains which are now about to commence, it is expected, will have a damaging effect on the Indians, if the bloodhound hunt is inaugurated, as it would compel the hostiles to keep continually moving. It is well known that under such circumstances Indians cannot keep the trail long, as in wet weather their moccasins quickly become soft and saggy, affording no protection to their feet, and they soon get footsore and unable to travel. At the same time, pursuit by troops would be just as active, and this would soon lead to the settlement of the troubles.

JEALOUS LOVERS.

A Texas Tragedy, in Which a Village Marshal Takes a Hand.

GALVESTON, June 12.—Word has been received from Terrell, of a serious shooting affray which occurred there Monday night. Orange Terrell and Miles Henderson have been courting Miss Sophia Wickson, and the jealousy between the two had led to several quarrels. Monday night Terrell went to the lady's house, and found Henderson ahead of him. He immediately opened fire, shooting Henderson in the center of the breast. Terrell's aim was then directed to the woman. After emptying his pistol, one of the shots taking effect in her leg, he fled. Reloading his pistol, he returned to the house, took off his shoes, and laid down on a bed in the front room, announcing that he had come back to die in that house.

In the meantime, Jim Keller, the city marshal, was notified that Terrell was in the house, and, in company with several others, went and surrounded it. Keller, entering the house by way of the back door, passed through the kitchen, and came to the door of the front room. Seeing Terrell lying on the bed, he commanded him to throw up his hands and surrender. Terrell's hand went up, but in it was his pistol, which he fired at Keller as he raised it, barely missing him. The marshal then fired five or six times, completely riddling Terrell with bullets. Terrell was killed instantly, and did not speak.

Foreign Missions.

AUGUSTA, Ga., June 11.—The annual session of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist church South began here last night. Delegates were present from all the Southern Methodist conferences and foreign missionary stations. Mrs. Hayes, of Bethune, was chosen president, and Mrs. Maria Gibson, of Covington, Ky., secretary. Mrs. Hayes delivered the annual address, and introduced lady missionaries from China and Brazil.

SPURIOUS HYDROPHOBIA.

Views Advanced by Dr. Spitzka Before the Medico-Legal Society.

NEW YORK, June 11.—Dr. E. C. Spitzka, the expert on insanity, who testified in the Guiteau trial, that the assassin was undoubtedly insane, read a paper last night before the Medico-Legal society, on "The attitude of legal medicines vs. hydrophobia." He was listened to by many gentlemen eminent in the law and in physics.

The lecturer held that there was no epidemic of hydrophobia proven in New York or vicinity, and that many deaths have occurred from a spurious hydrophobia, known to medical men as lysophobia, and that this was attributable to the agitation of Pasteur's preventive inoculation.

To prevent so serious and fatally imaginary disease, the doctor said it is necessary to cultivate a healthy public sentiment which shall frown down the agitation of questions which are of a strictly scientific character, brought out by persons who have no other purpose than that of creating a sensation. All officers intrusted with the preservation of the public peace and health should be strictly taught that the only way to discover rabies is by the inspection of a competent veterinary surgeon, when the animal is alive. Some persons who supposed that they had the disease had recovered on hearing that the dogs which bit them were alive and well.

Dr. Spitzka opposed the establishment of the Pasteur institute, claiming that such an institution was unnecessary. He asserted that one of the incorporators of the institute had contributed to the public alarm by publishing fallacious autopsies.

The doctor undertook to prove his statement by the production of four dogs that had been operated on. Into two of these dogs the lecturer had introduced the portion of a calf's brain, in another an emulsion of a calf's cud, and into the fourth a portion of the brain of the man who had died of hydrophobia, while under treatment of Dr. Kretchmar, of Brooklyn. The latter was the liveliest of the lot.

The brain of a bull pup that had been inoculated with calf's brain was laid bare. The other physicians present were asked if the dog that bit Miss Morosini, for instance, had not the same symptoms as had the dogs here exhibited. The doctors agreed that some of the symptoms were similar, and that Dr. Spitzka's dogs were certainly not mad.

A NORTH CAROLINA WATERSPOUT.

Houses and Cattle Swept Away—Narrow Escape of a Passenger Train.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., June 12.—A waterspout burst over Marshall Tuesday afternoon, and the most terrific rain fell upon the surrounding country. Houses fell before the advancing flood, cattle were swept away and drowned, and the crops throughout the region round about were destroyed.

A puny stream, known as Rigby Run, ordinarily three or four feet wide, became a raging river, overflowing its banks, and sweeping away everything movable that came within its reach. Fortunately no loss of life is reported.

One of the most exciting incidents of the storm was the narrow escape of a train filled with passengers. Two or three small breaks in the track had occurred before the train reached Asheville, but by proceeding cautiously they had been passed in safety. It was then just 6 o'clock, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. Progress was slow, the engineer narrowly scanning every foot of the track ahead before trusting the train to it. Just before reaching Marshall, however, a part of the track was washed away almost in front of the advancing train. The brakes were instantly applied, and the train was brought to a standstill, only just in time. A consultation by the train officers was held, and it was decided to return to the last station.

Here, however, a fresh difficulty arose. A mountain stream, which five minutes before the train had crossed in safety, was now a raging torrent, piling driftwood, trees, timbers and huge boulders upon the track in hopeless confusion. The road-bed was on the margin of the river, the turnpike road being on the other side, the mountain rising beyond it. On the river side the embankment was rapidly crumbling away, and train officials and passengers fled in consternation.

Already the track was covered, and the water was rising at the rate of six inches a minute. Heavy logs were thrown crashing against the sides of the cars, threatening to push them from the track. Volunteers were called for, and there was a generous response, all hands doing their best to clear away the obstructions. This done, the engineer bravely drove the train through the waters, over a track that was actually melting away, to a place of safety. Conductor Murphy said afterwards that he had never spent such

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

THE PRESENT WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Doings in the House and Senate—Estimates by the Agricultural Department—General Washington News.

In the House of Representatives the committee on the District of Columbia will claim the floor under the rules and consume a day with legislation of a local character. Then the consideration of the legislative appropriation bill will be resumed, and although little that should cause delay remains to be acted on, yet it is probable that the antagonism that has been developed toward the Appropriation committee will manifest itself in a few stray shots. Should the bill be off the field before Thursday, there will be a skirmish for position between the Labor committee, armed with a number of measures drawn in the interest of the workingmen, and the Naval committee with the naval appropriation bill. Members of the Naval committee think their bill can be disposed of in two days, and it is at least probable if they succeed in getting it up, it will be passed before the commencement of the struggle over the tariff bill. Personal and political debates are also expected this week, an incidental effect on which will be to secure increased attendance of members. The roll-call of Saturday revealed the absence of over 146 members, but strong efforts are making to secure a full house when Mr. Morrison moves to take up the tariff bill.

In the Senate, the Northern Pacific forfeiture bill is the unfinished business, and is to be taken up at once. When it is disposed of, the bill to repeal the pre-emption, timber culture and desert land acts will be taken up.

Following that, it is expected that a subsidy debate will take place upon the report of the disagreement of conference upon the postoffice appropriation bill. The committee on Appropriations expect to report the pensions and military academy bill early in the week, but may not press them to consideration at once. Should any time remain not demanded by the committee on Appropriations, the Des Moines veto and the open sessions resolution will be taken up in turn. Five of the annual appropriation bills, namely, the District of Columbia, postoffice, consular and diplomatic, agricultural and army, have passed both houses and await the conclusions of conferences committees. The pensions, military academy and river and harbor are in the hands of the Senate committees; and five—the legislative, naval, sundry civil, fortifications and general deficiency—have not yet been passed by the House. Only one—the Indian bill—has reached the President.

CROP REPORTS.

Latest Estimates by the Department of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—The crop report of the department of Agriculture makes the area of spring wheat nearly the same as last year—about 12,000,000 acres. There is an increase of one-sixth of last year's crop in Dakota, a decrease in Nebraska, and a small reduction in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The latest spring wheat districts show a small advance. The extension of area in Dakota is due mainly to settlement and the necessity of ready money for improvements, and somewhat to last year's unsatisfactory flax product in southern Dakota. The effect of low prices of wheat has been counteracted by the superior rate of yield of recent years, the condition of spring wheat averaging 98½ against 97 on last year; Wisconsin, 97; Minnesota, 99; Iowa, 100; Nebraska, 97; Dakota, 99; Washington, 100.

Winter wheat is not quite so promising as on May 1. A slight decline in condition is reported in the West, and the low condition of the Southern crop is more reduced, yet the average is only reduced two points, from 94.90 to 92.7. It is still from average to high in the great wheat producing states, while in New York it is not littering, as in years of strong root growth. It is very promising in Maryland and Virginia, except in wet lands. In the South it has been affected by rust, shriveling the grain last week. There has been injury from drouth in Texas, rain and floods in Ohio and hail storms in Missouri. The prospect is good for a small fraction above twelve bushels per acre.

Rye has also declined from a general average of 95.7 to 94.4 during the last month. The barley acreage has been increased 3 per cent., and condition averages 100; last year in June, 89.

The large acreage of oats in 1885 has not been extensively increased. It has been slightly reduced in Kentucky and Ohio, where the area was abnormal last year. The increase will approach half a million acres. The condition averages nearly the same as in 1885, and 96 in 1884. Its highest is east of the Alleghanies, and a little below full condition in the South and West.

The tendency to increase in the area of cotton has been checked in the eastern states of the cotton belt. Returns show a slight reduction in South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. The more western states in which settlement and farm extension has been active exhibit some increase, mainly in Texas. The net increase is also about 2,000 acres, an advance of 138 per cent.

The record stands: Virginia, 99; North Carolina, 100; South Carolina, 99; Georgia, 98; Florida, 103; Alabama, 99; Mississippi, 102; Louisiana, 102; Texas, 107; Arkansas, 1062; Tennessee, 101. The condition of the crops is lower than in 1885, averaging 88.7 against 92 last year. It's lower in seven states and higher in four.

The Oleomargarine Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—Reports have been in circulation that the oleomargarine bill was in danger of being defeated in the Senate when it comes to vote, because of the fact that on the question of referring the measure to the committee of Agriculture, instead of the committee of Finance, when it came from the House, there was a majority of only one, and that one of those Senators who voted for the motion to refer to the committee of Agriculture will vote against the passage of the bill. However, it cannot be relied on that all of those who voted for a reference of the measure to the committee on Finance will oppose the engrossment of the bill into a law, and its friends are not disturbed by the reports which are in circulation.

The President's Return.

A state reception will be given by the President and Mrs. Cleveland on Tuesday evening next, to which the cabinet, diplomatic corps, the judiciary, the Congress, the officers of the army and navy, the heads of certain bureaus and the ladies of their families will be invited. The hours of the reception will be from 9 until 11 o'clock. A general reception, to which the public is invited without cards, will be given on the following Friday evening, June 18, from 9 until 11 o'clock. Mrs. Cleveland will not be at home to callers until after the receptions.

What Congress has Given Away.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—On motion of Mr. Dolph the Senate took up the Northern Pacific Railway Forfeiture bill.

Mr. George addressed the Senate on the bill. Commenting generally on the enormous quantity of land—179,000,000 acres —given by Congress to the various railroad corporations from 1850 to 1875, Mr. George said it was a larger area than that constituting the republic of France or the empire of Germany. The present value of the railroad land grants at the average price already realized by the companies was $773,796,893.

Miss Folsom's Baggage.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—J. B. Hayes, a customs inspector at New York, has been dismissed for offensive partisanship and is in Washington endeavoring to get restored. Hayes, it appears, is the officer who accompanied Col. Lamont down the bay on the revenue cutter and passed Miss Folsom's baggage without inspection, thinking that the Colonel had an order to that effect. Mr. Hayes claims that his "offensive partisanship" is based upon his political affiliations several years ago.

Land Forfeiture Bill.

WASHINGTON, June 14.—In the House, Mr. Cobb called up the report of the committee on public lands, recommending concurrence in the Senate amendments to the Atlantic and Pacific land forfeiture bill.

Mr. McRae vigorously opposed the Senate amendments, contending that, notwithstanding the title of the bill, the adoption of the amendments would convert the bill into a confiscatory act. The report of the committee was agreed to, and the amendments were concurred in.

George W. Childs for President.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The consideration of the name of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, as a Presidential candidate excites the liveliest interest. His strength is admitted on all sides. He is not what one would call a politician, because he has taken no open interest in politics, but his good works and benefactions to the needy have given him a reputation which is not circumscribed by this continent alone. Mr. Childs is supposed to be a Republican because of his disinterested friendship for Gen. Grant, but no one can say that he is an offensive partisan.

Farm Produce Exports.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—The chief of the bureau of statistics reports that the total values of exports, beef, pork, and dairy products, from the United States during the month of May, 1886, and during the five months ended May 31, 1886, and beef and pork products during the seven months ended the same time as compared with similar exports during the corresponding periods last year, are as follows: May, 1886, $6,629,868; May, 1885, $7,328,188; five months ended May 31, 1886, $32,305,791; same period for 1885, $40,254,765; beef and pork, seven month ended May 31, 1886, $44,078,826; same period for 1885, $54,434,343. The total values of the exports of dairy products during the month of May, 1886, as compared with similar exports during the corresponding period of last year is as follows: May, 1886, $392,833; May, 1885, $634,028.

A Decision for Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Acting Second Comptroller McMahon has rendered a decision to the effect that every volunteer soldier who was mustered out and discharged with a regiment or other organization, the members of which were kept together and under discipline, and did not receive their discharges until they were paid off, should be regarded as continuing in service until the day of payment, and are accordingly entitled to credit for that period of service in computing their right to bounty.

Want Oleomargarine.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—In the Senate, Mr. Butler read a telegram from the mayor and a large number of citizens of Spartanburg, S. C., urging the senators from that state in Congress to use their influence in defeating the oleomargarine bill, which, the signers declare, is the worst form of protection. "Let people buy oleomargarine," they say, "as they would any other article of food."

BAD BUSINESS ALL ROUND.

Sensational Shooting Affray and a Church Scandal at Kansas City.

KANSAS CITY, June 14.—A sensational shooting affair occurred shortly after 5 o'clock this evening in this city, in which Dr. Morrison Munford, proprietor of the *Times*, and two other persons, were shot by W. A. Carlisle, an attorney of this city. Dr. Munford, accompanied by a gentleman friend, had come from the *Times* building to take a car going east. Mr. Munford entered a car which was about comfortably filled by people, and was about to take a seat near the door when Carlisle, who had been standing near the First National bank building, a few feet away, came up to the platform of the car, drawing a revolver and spoke to Mr. Munford, saying: "You have traduced my wife and I will kill you," at the same moment firing at Munford, it was said, but three feet distant. The ball struck Munford in the side, glancing from a rib and lodging under the skin just below the breast bone. Carlisle quickly fired rgain, the ball cutting his intended victim's coat and struck Miss Jennie Streeter, a girl of 16, who occupied the next seat in the car.

Mr. Munford then stooped forward, trying immediately to draw a revolver, and Carlisle stepped into the street and began firing into the window, one ball striking a passenger named John Hale, in the face. After firing five times in all, and each in rapid succession, Carlisle undertook to run around the forward or grip car attached to the other one, and was seized by two officers as Munford stepped down to the pavement on the north side, and his revolver drawn and leveled. The latter, who thought he had been fatally wounded, had tried to shoot, but was not able to free his weapon, the trigger of which was caught in a scabbard which encased it, and prevented his drawing sooner. He called to the officers to let Carlisle go and give him a chance, but the officers interfered and persuaded the doctor to give up his weapon.

Miss Streeter was taken, home, where her wound was dressed. The ball was found to have passed through the fleshy portion of the left breast, and though painful, is not dangerous.

The bullet that struck Hale in the face lodged in his head and has not yet been removed. His life is not in danger except in case of erysipelas, which is feared somewhat.

Mr. Munford, who remained cool and collected throughout the general excitement over the affair, is resting well tonight at his home. Carlisle is at the police station in custody.

The trouble originated in the publication by the *Times* of charges against Carlisle's professional and moral character. On May 13 the *Times* published an account of a trip to California in company with Miss Sallie Crute, a young heiress to a fortune of $150,000, in which the young lady traveled as his niece. This was in March. A second trip was made later, Mrs. Carlisle and their two children meanwhile remaining here. In this connection the *Times* charges that Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle, had enticed the girl away from her mother Mrs. Joseph Hendrickson, and kept her at their house for the purpose of getting her money away from her, that Carlisle had obtained from her as his ward an unlimited power of attorney to control or dispose of her property. It was also intimated that he had taken improper, if not criminal liberties with the girl. Carlisle made a denial of the charges in print, but did not bring any libel suit, as he was requested to do by the paper. He is a prominent member here of the Methodist Centenary church, with which Miss Crute was also connected. Some talk of church action was had, but nothing has been done to that end. Carlisle had several times of late threatened Munford's life, but had not heretofore attempted it.

Dr. Munford is a native of Kentucky, and is widely known through his position as proprietor of the *Times*. Mr. Carlisle is a Virginian by birth. He married in 1877, and has practiced law here for years. He is a relative of ex Sen. J. D. Carlisle, now deceased, who was once United States senator from West Virginia.

EX-PRES. ARTHUR

Takes the Risk of Another Drive—Looks Pale and Careworn.

NEW YORK, June 12—The *Tribune* this morning says: "For the first time in a week, ex-Pres. Arthur left his house yesterday for a drive. It was late in the afternoon when the carriage drove up to the door, as it was thought earlier in the day that it would hardly be prudent for him to undertake the journey. So strong, however, was his desire to get out in the sunshine, that he determined to take the risk. He seemed paler and more emaciated than ever yesterday. His step was strong when he walked to the carriage, but when he returned his movement was that of an old man. His face was flushed and had a careworn look. He had a refreshing sleep after the drive, and reported that he had a slight tinge of returning appetite."

A $500,000 Suit Against Jay Gould.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 15.—George Woodford has filed in the United States Circuit Court against Jay Gould a suit for $500,000 for breach of contract. While the St. Louis & San Francisco was buying its way into St. Louis Woodford, who owned some farm land on the line, objected to the price the road offered. His property was condemned. Litigation ensued, during the course of which he discovered a flaw in the incorporation of the company. This information he took to New York and imparted to Jay Gould on condition that the latter would join with him in the construction of a railroad from Pacific, Mo., to St. Louis on the property condemned by the St. Louis & San Francisco. When the new company was incorporated Gould refused to take any interest in the road and would not furnish money for the prosecution of the scheme. He used the information, however, it is alleged, in intimidating those who controlled the road until they abandoned the project of building into this city from Pacific, and made a contract with Gould to come in over the Missouri Pacific tracks. Hence the alleged breach of contract.

A Celebrated Divorce Case.

NEW YORK, June 15.—The report of the referee in the action for divorce brought by Alice O'Keefe Winans against Ross R. Winans, the millionaire, is now in the hands of Judge Ingraham, of the Supreme court. It was submitted to the court today on a motion made by counsel for Mr. Winans. The referee's report is in favor of Mr. Winans, who claims that, though he lived with the woman, he was never married to her. Plaintiff's counsel opposed the motion. The matter was submitted without argument, and decision was reserved.

Recent Earthquakes Accounted For.

NEW YORK, June 15.—Naval officers in this port are indignant over the published stories of an earthquake along the northern New Jersey coast on Friday night. They assert that the United States navy is entitled to the credit for that shaking up, and that the sloop of war Juniata did it with her little guns, which she fired off the Highlands of the Navesink at the time the earthquake is alleged to have occurred. The Juniata's captain says that if the Jerseymen don't believe what he says he'll go down and give them another earthquake any time they choose. Reports of earth vibrations at the moment of the shock came next day from as far as 50 miles from where the Juniata lay.

An Ex-Confederate Sued.

NEW YORK, June 14.—Gen. Thomas Jordan, captain and quartermaster in the Mexican war, who resigned his commission to join the Confederate army, was sued by the government to-day for a shortage of $17,982 in his Mexican war accounts. He denies the charges.

TWO FEMALE FIENDS

Attack an Old Man and His Sister—Something New in the Annals of Crime.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—Details of the almost unprecedented attempt at a double murder by two young girls, the oldest only 18, and the second hardly in her teens, have been received from Fredericksburg. The victims were Mr. W. E. S. Waller, 65 years of age, and his sister, Miss Jane Waller. Mary and Jennie Green, sisters, were the assailants.

A dispatch says that Mr. and Miss Waller resided in a stately old mansion on a farm situated about 25 miles from Fredericksburg, near the little village of Newmarket. The extensiveness of the Waller estate made the house somewhat remote from those of the neighbors. Here the couple had lived together for years, managing the farm and depending solely for assistance about the house on the two Green girls. They had been reared by the Waller family, a matter which, in the eyes of Mr. Waller, was sufficient to guarantee their honesty.

Last Friday Mr. Waller received quite a sum of money, which he kept in his room, and the girls were aware of this fact. They waited until about 11 o'clock that night, when, feeling sure that Mr. and Miss Waller were asleep, each quietly armed themselves with stout clubs and ascended to the old gentleman's apartment. As they entered the room Mr. Waller awoke, and seeing who it was, demanded angrily what they wanted. Without waiting to reply, the girls rushed at him. Though aged, Mr. Waller was still quite an active man, and springing from his bed, he seized the elder and would have disarmed her had not the other hit him over the head with her club and knocked him senseless to the floor. Not content with this, they belabored his senseless form with blows until, believing that life was extinct, they left him to search for Miss Waller. Rushing into the old lady's room, they dragged her screaming from her bed, and with one savage blow from a club laid her senseless. Then they beat her about the head until the blood gushed forth in streams, and until all vestiges of her features were literally beaten out of recognition.

Finally, satisfied that both their victims were dead, the girls secured about $350 in money and fled. Several hours later a colored boy, one of the tenants on the farm, while passing the mansion, observed that the door was open, and stopped to investigate. On entering the house he discovered the senseless and bleeding forms of Mr. and Miss Waller on the floor, and immediately rushed to give the alarm. By 5 o'clock in the morning the whole neighborhood was aroused, and hundreds of people flocked to the house to learn the particulars of the affair, and to offer their assistance in capturing the assailants.

With the arrival of the physician Mr. Waller was returned to consciousness, and, though in a very precarious condition, was able to describe briefly the occurrences of the night. Parties were instantly organized, and the search for the two girls was undertaken with ardor. Miss Waller can not recover. The Waller family is one of the most prominent in the state.

HARD TIMES IN CHICAGO.

Effects of the Strikes Already Apparent —Chattel Mortgage Record.

CHICAGO, June 12.—The number of instruments filed for record in the recorder's office in this city has increased within a month in a manner to occasion a little surprise. While there has been a slight increase in the number of deeds, the great increase has been in chattel mortgages. Within the last six weeks the usual number has more than doubled. A loan agent who handles many such instruments says that he can attribute this increase in chattel mortgages to nothing else but the strikes and labor troubles. Many mechanics and laborers who were out of employment were also out of money. Having no other means of raising cash with which to purchase the necessaries of life and pay rent, they were forced to borrow money and give chattel mortgages upon their household goods.

By reference to the record of chattel mortgages, it is seen that within one week there have been 397 investments of this class recorded. They represented a total valuation of $89,852, or an average of about $225. Of the 397 instruments there were 263 which were mortgages upon furniture, such as household goods, with an occasional piano included. Very few of the furniture mortgages represented an amount in excess of $100, and the greater number were for very small sums.

The attention of a county commissioner was called to these facts, when he remarked that it meant a great deal more than the mere fact that men were out of employment and out of money. It would show itself later in the season, when cold weather set in, in an unusually heavy demand upon the county agent for assistance. Men could get along some way in the summer, but when winter came on there would demand upon the county for fuel, bread, meat and help generally would probably be 50 per cent. greater than it was last winter.

BLOODTHIRSTY ANARCHISTS.

Another Open Air Meeting in Chicago, with Imported Orators.

CHICAGO, June 15.—At one of the open-air resorts on Clybourn avenue a socialistic organization lately formed, under the title "The Brothers of the Red Cross," held a meeting and picnic yesterday. Anarchy, nihilism, revolt and plunder were advocated. Not a policeman appeared, nor was the meeting in any way molested. Nearly all the speakers were from abroad, for the reason that their continental revolutionists are in jail or under cover. Among them were Gustave Brinke, of St. Louis, and Ernest M. Frieghaum, of Brooklyn.

Emil Verplank said: "What is law? Law is the code of tyranny. What are the police? They are the minions of the law; they are the arch-tyrants. Gods! how I exult in Chicago's heroic deeds of the night of May 4. Would that we had been better prepared, and that your engines of destruction had been more numerous. But the next time—that next time that is swiftly coming—we will tear the livery from these dogs of oppression and hurl the barred and grated citidels to the dust."

Thomas Murdock, of New York, said: "I gnash my teeth with unavailing rage when I think of the brave and noble heroes penned in this prison of Chicago. Oh, that we must thus sit idly by and contemplate these outrages! But our day of reckoning will come, and the tyrants, one and all, must fall. That double-dyed fiend incarnate—Schaak—merits the most hideous and appalling penalty, and he will get it, too, if liberty ever claims her own."

It is understood that another meeting of the same character will be held next Sunday.

SHOOT THE DOGS.

Mad Dogs Among Cattle Herds—Men, Women and Children Bitten.

YANKTON, Dak., June 12.—Twenty-five head of cattle have died in this county during the last few days from hydrophobia, transmitted to them by half a dozen mad dogs which have been running through the county biting cattle, hogs and horses, and spreading the rabies through the medium of other dogs. At Vermillion, a man, one woman, and two children were bitten a few days ago.

Fifty dogs have been killed in this county, and the board of health has ordered all dogs not muzzled to be shot. Two horses, two cows and some hogs died of hydrophobia at Gayville yesterday. The report has reached here that Bonchelm and Clay counties are similarly afflicted.

Female Knights of Labor.

READING, Pa., June 9.—Nineteen female employes of T. H. Welson & Co.'s spectacle factory here, who are members of the Knights of Labor, quit work last night on account of the posting of a notice that all members of any labor organization must either quit the firm or the organization. About 75 of the girls employed by the firm are members of the knights. Twenty-one have promised to quit the knights. The others still at work will decide what to do before to-morrow. The firm's action has caused a flurry in labor circles.

Boycotted Nails.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 12.—Jas. McPherson, an agent of assembly No. 122, K. of L. of South Chicago, arrived in this city today, for the purpose of trying to induce merchants not to receive two carloads of nails from the Calumet Iron and Steel works at South Chicago, at which a lockout has prevailed for some months. He met with success, in that he induced most of the carpenters and retailers to refrain from buying the nails.

Earthquake in New York.

NEW YORK, June 11.—At midnight a severe shock of earthquake was felt at Sandy Hook, which lasted a minute or two, causing the tower to shake sensibly and the windows to rattle. Similar reports come from quarantine, Staten Island.

High License.

MATTOON, Ill., June 11.—The Windsor city council, elected by the Prohibitionists, has fixed the fee for a license to deal in cider, hard or sweet, at $1,000.

The case of Thankful Tanner against Mrs. Jas. A. Garfield, to recover $25,000 damages for slight injuries sustained in collision with Mrs. Garfield's carriage, was submitted to the jury, who, after three hours' deliberation, returned a verdict in favor of Mrs. Garfield.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE CRAZY KING

Commits Suicide by Jumping Into a Lake—His Physician Also Drowned.

MUNICH, June 13.—King Ludwig to-day took his departure for Berg castle, on Lake Starnberg. The scenes along the route of the journey were very affecting. The peasants knelt in the roadways, weeping. The king responded to their greetings mournfully but kindly. He looked pale and weary. The utmost precautions have been taken to prevent him from committing suicide.

The medical commission which examined the late King Ludwig report that he had ordered the members of the ministerial deputation, headed by Count Holstein, who called upon him to procure his consent to a regency, to be flogged until they bled, and then have their eyes extracted. Before his death the belief was spreading among the common people of Bavaria that the king's deposition was illegal. The people did not believe he was insane. Precautions had been taken to prevent the populace from rising to restore the king.

MUNICH, June 14.—Ludwig, who was recently deposed from the Bavarian throne, committed suicide yesterday evening. He had gone out for a promenade in the park of the Berg Castle, accompanied by Dr. Gudden, his physician. The king suddenly threw himself into Starnberg lake, and was drowned. The physician jumped into the water to rescue the king, and was also drowned.

LUDWIG'S SUCCESSOR.

At 10 a. m., the generals of the Bavarian army met and took the oath of allegiance to King Ludwig's brother, Otto, who at once assumes the title of king, under the name of Otto the First. He is three years younger than Ludwig was, having been born April 27, 1848. Otto, however, will be simply nominally king, as he is mentally incapable of government, and Prince Luitpold, his uncle, will remain regent. The generals of the army have taken the oath of allegiance to Prince Luitpold as regent. The Bavarian troops took oaths similar to those sworn to by the generals.

THE KING AND THE SOPRANO.

A few months ago the King sent for a new soprano, who had made wonderful success at Munich, to entertain him with singing at his castle at Hohenschwagen. When the singer arrived the King told her he wanted to hear her singing on the water just at midnight. They proceeded to a shallow lake in the castle grounds, and the King Ludwig produced a gaudy pleasure boat with a model somewhat between a canoe and a gondola. He seated the singer in the bow of the boat, and placed himself in a luxurious pile of cushions in the stern. The little craft was wielded by the King. There he kept the poor artist singing for fully three hours. At last she begged to be allowed to stop, saying that she had already contracted a severe cold, and was unable to control her voice. The King sternly ordered her to proceed, but she could not. Then the King said he was going home, and he supposed she knew the way ashore. He stepped over the side of the boat into the water, which was not more than three feet deep, and calmly waded ashore and walked up to the castle. The artiste remained in the boat filled with despair. For the first hour she thought the King would surely send some one to her rescue, but no one came, and after two hours of waiting she, too, waded to the shore. She went to the castle, but nobody there knew anything about her and she was turned away as an impostor. She started to walk to Munich, notwithstanding her clothes were soaked with water and bedraggled with mud. Fortunately, she soon met a hackney coach which took her to her apartments. She immediately summoned a doctor, but the misbhief had been done, and she died within a week of pneumonia. The king sent an extravagant sum to pay for the funeral. All these facts were known theatrically and socially at the time, but the awe of the king caused the story to be suppressed beyond those circles.

About King Ludwig.

MUNICH, June 15.—Dr. Von Schleiss, who was formerly King Ludwig's physician, denies the king was insane. He maintains that Ludwig was eccentric only. The doctor adds that though he disagreed with the official report of the examining board of physicians, declaring the king insane, still he felt himself compelled to keep his views to himself; "for," says he, "if I had published a statement in opposition to that of the court doctors, I should have shared the fate of certain other persons, and been at least consigned to prison. My opinion as to the king's condition is based on my experience as his physician since his birth. My colleague, Dr. Gintle, agrees with me."

A NIGHT WITH THE RIOTERS.

What an Associated Press Reporter Saw and Heard in Belfast.

BELFAST, June 11.—An Associated Press reporter, who was detailed to remain on the scene of the riots, at 5 o'clock this morning reported as follows: I remained among the rioters all night. The greatest damage in the way of wrecking and looting was done along the Shank Hill and the York roads; the fighting in both thoroughfares was desperate and continuous. The mob was composed of the lowest ruffians. The bayonets of the police had no terrors for them, and in many cases I saw the mob in overwhelming numbers press up against the bayonets of the police and drive them back.

The only instances in which the police drove the mob at all, so far as I observed, were those in which the officers in compact lines fired at close range rapid volleys of buckshot. These the rioters could not stand against, and they were driven back; but even under such galling fire the rioters would drop to the pavements and rush upon the police, while they were reloading.

It is impossible to describe the state of terror under which the respectable Catholic people of Belfast are now living, in consequence of the prevalent anarchy of bigotry. The bravest of them hardly dare to venture out of doors in daylight even. I know that scores of people were shot during last night's riots. I saw ten taken to hospitals this morning.

It is feared that every funeral of a victim of the riots may provoke a fresh outbreak. The law-abiding citizens demand of the government the appointment of a special commission to inquire into the causes of the whole disorder.

Fighting of this kind at such close range as to be practically hand-to-hand was continued until 2 o'lock this morning, when twilight began to dawn, and so many of the rioters disappeared as to leave the mob of insufficient strength to longer cope with the armed police, who succeeded in dispersing it.

My observation shows that the mob of last night was composed of the very scum of Belfast. I saw members of it throw paving stones weighing fifteen and twenty pounds. I even saw fiends hurling rocks at the gallant firemen, who were imperilling their lives in attempts to save dwellings from destruction by incendiary fires, and the helpless inmates from horrible deaths. If anything else were wanting to prove the character of the mob, it would be furnished by the dozens of ruffians I saw during the night sneaking away from the wrecked or burning buildings, laden down with loot.

LONDON, June 11.—Mr. Herbert Gladstone, speaking at Leeds last night, attributed the Belfast riots to Lord Randolph Churchill's violent speeches. The riots were not due, he said, to religious antagonism, but were deliberately planned attacks upon the police and the executive.

NOVA SCOTIA ELECTION.

The People Want to Secede From the Dominion and Join the United States.

OTTAWA, June 15.—Considerable interest is centered here in the result of the general election which is to take place in the province of Nova Scotia to-day. It is being contested by the present Liberal government on the issue of secession from the Dominion. It will be remembered that at the time of the confederation of the several Canadian provinces, Nova Scotia was taken into the Dominion without any appeal being made to the people of the province, and that when the representatives who carried the measure through the Legislature went to the country for re-election only one out of the whole assembly was returned.

There has always been a strong anti-confederation feeling prevailing throughout Nova Scotia, which has led to the present crisis. Three-fifths of the people of the province favor annexation to the United States in preference to continuing part of the Dominion.

The result of this election will have great effect on the result of Dominion elections, which, it is believed, will take place this fall. Several members of the Dominion cabinet are now in Nova Scotia conducting the campaign in the interest of the Dominion government, in opposition to secession and the annexation movement.

Poisoned His Mistress to Marry a Princess.

PARIS, June 10.—Marriages are said to be made, or, at least, consecrated in heaven. Whether the one which has just been celebrated in Lisbon with such pomp and circumstance belongs to that category, is an open question. If we are to believe the reports published in the Lisbon papers, and the rumors that are current in the Portuguese capital, the Duke of Braganza's union with the Princess Amelie has not been as yet productive of the joy that should have followed that nteresting event.

Rumor says that the young Duke's former mistress has been poisoned, and that the two children which she had borne to her royal lover died of an unknown disease on the day following the death of the mother. Besides this, the father of the unfortunate woman became insane seeing the dead bodies of the three, and is now confined in an insane asylum at Lisbon.

Gladstone's Statement.

LONDON, June 11.—In the House of Commons to-day, Mr. Gladstone, in answer to a request for a more explicit statement concerning the reassembling of Parliament, said: "I wish to restate clearly what I said yesterday, respecting the reassembling of Parliament. If, when the elections are over, it be found the country does not approve of the policy of the government respecting the future government of Ireland, or if there remains room for doubt on the question, then the new government will be assembled forthwith."

Mr. Chamberlain's election manifesto was made public this evening. It declares that the government's Irish proposals have been condemned in advance by every Liberal statesman of the country.

Must Leave France.

PARIS, June 12.—The Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 315 to 232, adopted an amendment making the expulsion of the chief pretenders compulsory, the expulsion of other members of former reigning families to be optional with the government. After a vigorous protest from M. Ottnano, Bonapartist, clauses 2 and 3 were adopted. They empower the government to expel by decree the princes not affected by clause 1, provide penalties of two to five years imprisonment if they return to France, and disfranchise the princes remaining in French territory. Finally the whole bill was passed without a division. The chamber then adjourned until Tuesday.

Nova Scotia Secessionists.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 12.—An American gentleman now in this city says that large sums of money are being sent from Boston and other American cities to aid the secessionist party in Nova Scotia. He states that he personally was aware of fact that one Boston firm has contributed $25,000, which was forwarded the day he left that city. He says that the secession movement is looked upon as a preliminary step toward annexation, which would give Americans the control of the whole Canadian fishing grounds.

ABOUT 1,000 PEOPLE HOMELESS.

Five Lives Lost, and Many Persons Seriously Injured—$1,000,000 Worth of Property Destroyed—Very Little Insurance.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., June 15.—The city of Vancouver, situated at the Pacific end of the Canadian Pacific railway, is in ashes. Not a half a dozen houses remain out of 500, and, worst of all, there is a large loss of life. Ten bodies have thus far been recovered, and a number of persons are missing, and are supposed to have perished. One short hour did the whole work. The property saved is insignificant. A "cyclone sweep" defines the situation.

A thousand men are at work clearing up debris for the railroad company. Twenty contracts for rebuilding have been already let. Many men lost their all, but are determined to start in again. The property loss falls directly on the pioneer element of the new city. Hundreds of people are camped out.

There are meagre facilities for the relief of the sufferers, but the people of this city are especially open-handed in their efforts to relieve the distressed. Prompt aid from the Canadian Pacific railway is expected.

Families were compelled to abandon their homes at a moment's warning, and flee for their lives. Business men in search of valuables were forced to rush through flames and smoke or perish. The whole population were panic-stricken. A number of persons sought refuge in the water. One man was found in a well, where he had lowered himself to escape the flames. Few of the people have more than the clothes they stand in.

Of the ten bodies recovered only three have been identified. Most of the burned frame buildings will be replaced with brick structures. Contracts for a large hotel and other extensive buildings, representing half a million dollars, were let just before the fire.

THE ADVENTURES OF A GIRL

Armed with a Winchester Rifle and Revolvers—Finally Captured.

PARIS, Tex., June 12.—Officers captured a girl named Bettie Travis yesterday near the town of Baird, 10 miles from here. She was a raving maniac when found, and had taken possession of a corn crib on a farm near the town, and armed with rifle and pistol would allow no one to come near. The girl has an extraordinary record, and is locally famous for her remarkable bravado and grit. She is only 18 years old, has rather handsome features, light hair and blue eyes, and weighs about 135 pounds. She came from Hunt county, where she had a dispute with her parents, and taking everything valuable about the house she left the county, followed by a constable, who endeavored to arrest her, but she repeatedly chased him back at the point of her Winchester. She was a splendid shot.

Coming to Baird, she stopp with relatives, with whom she fell out in a few days, and threatened to kill them. Again the law officer was called in, when she fired on the constable, who fled, not being able to return fire on the girl. Crossing the railroad ferriby about two weeks ago, she entered the family of Dr. Miller as a servant. Tuesday last, while Dr. Miller was absent, the girl startled Mrs. Miller and the Choctaw servants about the house by suddenly appearing dressed in a complete suit of men's clothing. She took the doctor's Winchester and revolvers, and drove every one out of the house at the point of a pistol. The two Choctaw servants regarded her as an evil spirit incarnate, and fled to the woods.

Helping herself to what money and jewelry she could find in the house, the girl mounted one of the doctor's horses and rode to Red river. The ferryman refused to take her across, whereupon she drew a bead on him and gave him five seconds to change his mind. He rowed her over. She proceeded slowly toward Baird, taking lodging in the corn-crib over night. Here she seems to have lost her reason. She scratched her person terribly, tore her clothes, and when captured yesterday showed few traces of her former beauty. Her relatives, who are well-to-do, respectable people, are caring for her at present.

THE SCOTT LAW IN ONTARIO.

A Dynamite Plot of the Liquor Dealers of Sarnia.

SARNIA, Ont., June 11.—At the last election the Scott act was carried in Lambton county by over 3,000 majority, and the law forbidding the sale of liquor in Sarnia went into effect May 1. Since that time most of the dealers have sold liquor on the sly. Recently a movement was inaugurated to secure a police magistrate and the enforcement of the law. One of the prime movers in this was J. G. McCrae, an old resident and prominent bookseller. Last night the family of Mr. McCrae retired at the usual time, but at 1 o'clock they were awakened by a terrible explosion, as Mr. McCrae says, ten times louder than thunder. He don't know how he got out of bed, but when he got to the window the front door and stoop of his house had nearly been blown out of existence.

It was found that some one had placed dynamite on the front porch with the evident intention of blowing up the house and killing Mr. and Mrs. McCrae and seven children. When the explosion occurred the force was outward instead of inward. The front sill of the house was broken, the front door broken into fragments, the glass in the windows of the house broken and the veranda partially demolished.

A few minutes after the explosion it was found that the perpetrators of the deed had thrown burning balls of cotton, saturated with kerosene oil on to the stoop and into the residence of Thomas Honston, on Christiana street, but the fire was promptly extinguished by the crowd of men who appeared on the scene.

The police are investigating the matter but as yet have no clues except the threats made by the opposers of the Scott act. Many who have been opposed to the act are to-day roundly denouncing the outrage.

Mrs. Vining Awarded $1,000,000.

ST. LOUIS, June 14.—Mrs. Samuel L. Vining, residing at No. 3613 St. Louis avenue, has received from Secretary of State Bayard, information to the effect that she is about to receive from the United States treasury $1,000,000, awarded by the court of claims under the terms of the French spoliation bill. Mrs. Vining has retained possession of her claim during all the uncertainty of its ever being paid, and now congratulates herself that she has not disposed of it, as some others have theirs, for what shrewd lawyers were willing to pay.

Glanders Among Jersey Cattle.

NEWARK, N. J., June 14.—Glanders has made its appearance among the horses of this city and vicinity, and several have been killed within a week. Dr. Hawk, veterinarian of the state board of health, says that a number of the diseased horses came from the Third avenue car stables, New York; that he anticipated a great deal of trouble in handling the disease.

Winchester's

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PREPARED FOR WAR.

The "Herrick" at Gloucester—What the Captain Says—Will Have Fish or a Fight or Both—He Is Not Afraid of the Consequences.

NEW YORK, June 12.—A Gloucester special to the *Times* says: The Augusta E. Herrick arrived here late Thursday night. This is the schooner which left New York and stopped and bought cannon in Boston. She is a staunch clipper-built schooner. She was the cause of much remark as she lay in the harbor yesterday. All the forenoon her two new and shining brass six-pounders belched forth smoke and fire, and the reports reverberated through the hills like constant thunder.

"The boys wanted to fire a salute for the Gloucester fishermen," said Capt. Herrick, "and I told them to go ahead. I did not know what might happen. I bought those guns," said he, pointing to the six-pounder amidships, the mouth of which was just perceptible over the rail.

"We are going to have the rail cut down so there will be room for action. I don't believe in so much trouble on this fishery question. The fishermen here will go down to the bay for mackerel. I don't intend to go inside of the three mile limit, but shall go after the mackerel. We may be prepared for war as well as the cruisers. We can see the smoke of the Lansdowne miles off, and there is no trouble to get away from the Ferron and others like her. I would like to put the vessel in good shape and go down. If they troubled me out there, they would have some fun taking us. I would like to capture one of them and tow her in. I would not care if they hanged me after I had come to a United States